Saturday Review

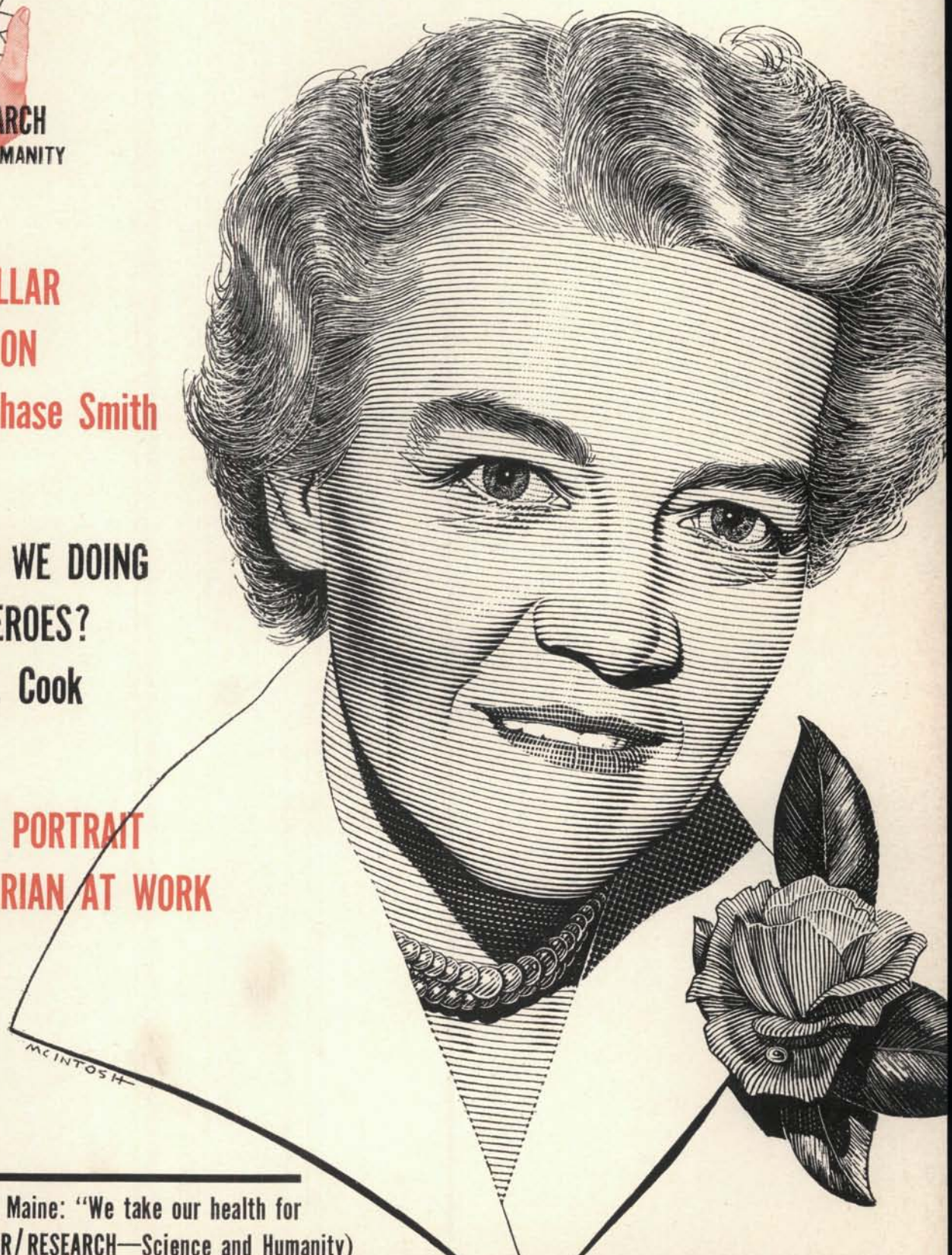
APRIL 21, 1956 / 20¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

BILLION-DOLLAR PRESCRIPTION
Margaret Chase Smith

WHAT ARE WE DOING TO OUR HEROES?
Reginald L. Cook

CHURCHILL: PORTRAIT OF A HISTORIAN AT WORK



Senator Smith of Maine: "We take our health for granted." (See SR/RESEARCH—Science and Humanity)

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First step in ancestor-hunting: a chat with the village's senior inhabitant.

How to find your great-great-great-great-great-grandfather in Britain

FIRST, go back to the village your ancestors came from. Talk to the oldest inhabitant. He'll be a gold-mine of information on everybody's family history—yours included.

Or visit the Vicar. He can show you how to consult the Parish Register. There are nearly 5,000 such registers in England and Wales alone. Some contain four hundred years of news about marriages, baptisms, burials.

If the Parish Register doesn't help, don't give up. Rent rolls and hearth taxes, census returns, wills and deeds dating back to ancient times are all tenderly filed somewhere. The British adore old documents and never throw them out.

Whenever the trail grows cold, call on the curators of Britain's genealogical societies and great libraries (such as the British Museum).

If you consult the telephone book, you may discover a helpful great-aunt (or charming cousin). If you consult the College of Heralds in London, or Lord Lyon in Edinburgh, you may come up with a Coat of Arms.

It will be a grand vacation project.* See your travel agent and write for free booklet, "Tracing your Ancestors," to the British Travel Assn., Box 140, 336 Madison Avenue, New York; in Canada to 90 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

*If you don't have a British ancestor, why not invent one?

Washington one of your ancestors? This is the family Coat of Arms—at Sulgrave Manor.

Take this list of useful addresses with you on your hunt!

England and Wales

Somerset House, Strand, London (birth, marriage, death certificates)

Society of Genealogists, 37 Harrington Gardens, London

Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London

National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth

Northern Ireland

Public Record Office, Law Courts, May Street, Belfast

Scotland

New Registry House, Edinburgh

Scots Ancestry Research Society, 4 North St. David Street, Edinburgh

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The Literary Sampler

MAN'S PROSPECTS: One hears often of the race between "science" and "man's inability to control it." The description is inexact. The race is actually between man's ability to do good and do evil, and it began when the first man appeared. Science does not guarantee anything; it gives us both terror weapons and tractors. If we now have the power to do unparalleled harm and even end civilization, we also have the power to do unparalleled good. For the first time we have the power to end hunger and disease, two specters that continue every day to cause as much misery as all the wars we have waged.

We forget sometimes how far man has come from universal barbarism. We forget how few men in any past age have been the educated and responsible. Mass education, the vote, civil liberties, social responsibility for the unfortunate—all are relatively new concepts in the light of history, and it is not surprising that they still have not reached much of the world. With the rising curve of worldwide travel and communication, it is still to be seen how long even the most modern tyrants can keep their peoples from finding out what is going on in the rest of the world.

—From "1999: Our Hopeful Future," by Victor Cohn (Bobbs-Merrill).

"CONGRESS" OR "THE CONGRESS"?: [In our book] we have sedulously avoided the expression "the Congress" for "Congress." The former is the locution of the original Constitution, but Amendment I reads "Congress shall make no law," etc. Examination of Presidential messages and of Supreme Court decisions shows that except when they were quoting from the Constitution directly George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, Abraham Lincoln, and divers others always said "Congress." The authors of Constitutional amendments seem, on the other hand, to have preferred the older expression, but not always, as see Amentments XIII and XIX. The recent vogue of "the Congress" owes much, no doubt, to President Wilson's use of it when on April 8, 1913, he went to Capitol Hill to give his first message in person, thereby reviving a custom that had passed into disuse when Jefferson took over. Wilson's opening words were: "Gentlemen of the Congress"; and, of course, FDR outdid all his predecessors in his enthusiastic employment of the new-old locution.

—From "The Presidency Today," by Edward S. Corwin and Louis W. Koenig (New York University Press).

These simple, friendly words are said many, many times over the telephone each day.

It is just such simple, friendly words from one person to another that make the telephone such an important part of our lives.

Surely it is indispensable in emergencies. But its greater value may be in carrying friendship and love and happiness across the miles.

For without the telephone, time and space would rush between us. And many of us would be so much alone.

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Editor-at-Large

Has someone recently been rude to you? Are you sulking, seething or planning retaliation? Pause for a moment and consider what Sir Harold Nicolson has to say on the subject:

"Unconscious rudeness must always be forgiven, since it may proceed from shyness, lack of practice in the social graces, panic, absent-mindedness, impatience, astigmatism, a bad stammer, hunger, acute illness, love, a secret sorrow, deafness or just ordinary fear."

There, don't you feel better already?

And has someone lost his temper in front of you? Writes Sir Harold: "Few things are more agreeable than the spectacle of a man who loses his temper: we should be grateful to such people for providing us with moments of often unsullied delight."

Were you caught by a bore the other evening? Listen again:

"The bore is invariably a nice man. Were he not kind, and virtuous, and honorable, we should not experience, as we do, both irritation at his insistence and remorse at our own unkindness. He leaves us, when he does leave us, feeling, not angry only, but ashamed."

These reflections are to be found in a new book, "Good Behaviour," which is not a handbook of manners, but an urbane and witty comment on twelve main types of civility, from ancient China to modern Europe.

I recommend that you read it; I promise you that you will not soon again be rude, or angry, or, at least while discussing this book, a bore.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Good Behaviour" ($4.00), by Sir Harold Nicolson, is published by Doubleday & Company, well mannered publishers with offices at 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which are staffed with polite and unobtrusively courteous clerks who are eager and ready to supply you with the best in current books and records.

The Saturday Review

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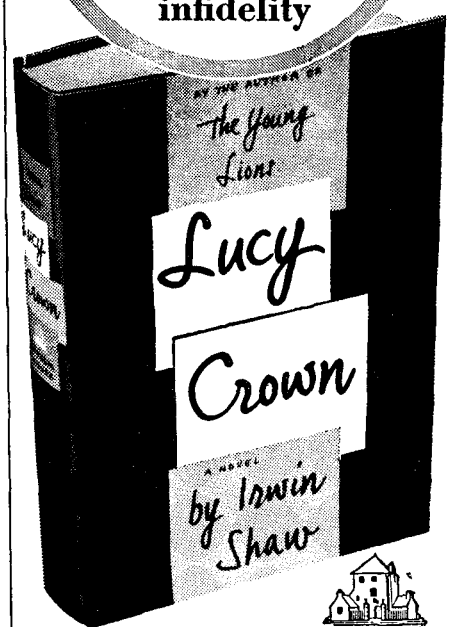
Irwin Shaw's

bestselling story of a wife's infidelity



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TRADE Winds

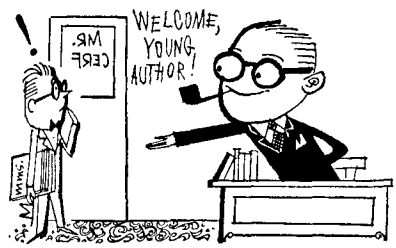
GEORGE GOBEL—AND WALT DISNEY

DESPITE CONSIDERABLE evidence to the contrary TV comedy-star George Gobel wasn't entirely out of his mind when he invited me to be a guest on his program some weeks ago. His notion was that I was to essay the role of a book publisher and that he would come to me with the manuscript of a bulging first novel.

Unfortunately for us, Jack Benny and Quentin Reynolds beat us to the punch lines with almost the same routine a fortnight beforehand, so our script had to be rewritten in jig time. It wound up a little of this and a little of that, but certainly proved a heady and enlightening experience for me.

There is nothing better calculated to snap you out of a complacent rut so quickly as a foray into a brand-new, untried field. It takes the arrogance out of you, too. I knew little about acting, of course, and when I found myself being carried along and protected by accomplished performers like George Gobel himself, Jeff Donnell, Peggy King, and "Uncle John" Trotter, I suddenly realized how kids must feel the first time they walk into the office of an established publisher with a manuscript under their arms. There and then I resolved to be a darnsight nicer and more patient with them in the future—a resolve which I stood by staunchly for fully five days after I returned to my office.

I MET GEORGE GOBEL, his producer and head-writer Hal Kanter, and other members of the cast for the first time at NBC's Hollywood studio on Wednesday morning. We all sat at a long table and read the script. By three that afternoon George and his lovely stage-wife, Jeff Donnell, already knew most of their lines by heart, and I—I was wishing I was back home on the blissfully unrehearsed "What's My Line?" Leo Durocher consoled me. He just had MC'd two so-called "Comedy Hours" in a futile bid to top the Ed Sullivan show. "Nothing could possibly be worse than that," he reasoned, "and look, I'm still breathing—faintly."



By show time I actually had my part down pat, and there was a star on my dressing-room door—thoughtfully hung there by myself. At 7:30 P.M. my job was finished, and George Gobel and the others had two whole days off before they were back on the job preparing for the following Saturday night's ordeal. It's small wonder that few stars can stand up to such a backbreaking weekly schedule.

—Herb Hall-NBC.

Trade Winds and George Gobel.

GOBEL, OUTWARDLY AT LEAST, seems to take it in stride. At thirty-six he's in the over-a-million-dollar-income-a-year class, but just as mild-mannered and modest as when he was clerking after hours in his pa's grocery in Chicago. He met his real wife, Alice, while they both were attending Roosevelt High School. "Nobody would introduce me to her," he recalls, "so I had to meet her the hard way. I knocked a luncheon tray out of her hand. She was not amused."

During World War II, Gobel was a lieutenant in the Air Force—a flying instructor for three solid years. When he was mustered out he reached for his old "gee-tar" and went to agent Dave O'Malley for an audition. The two cottoned to each other at sight and have been partners ever since (hence "GOMALCO," the company

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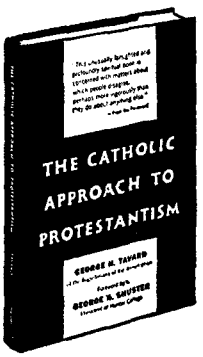

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that produces the TV show and promoted George's forthcoming film, "The Birds and the Bees," for Paramount.)

HAL KANTER IS AN EXAMPLE of the high type of writer who is drifting into television today. Until recently comedy writers for TV were forgotten men and woefully underpaid. Now the good ones are in such demand they virtually can name their own price.

Kanter came over to the Gobel show from the film colony, where his last stint was the fashioning of the script for the prizewinning "The Rose Tattoo." Previously, like Herman Wouk, he had worked in radio with Fred Allen and written some of Ed Wynn's best remembered shows, too.

"Gobel's a dream boy to work with," says Kanter. "His instincts can always be trusted. He never embarrasses anybody. His honesty is so transparent everybody recognizes it immediately. That's why the public loves him. As he puts it, 'He's not hilarious—but he keeps folks from getting sullen'."

I ASKED HAL KANTER to tell me a few highlights from previous shows. "There was the time," he recalled, "when a bank clerk changing a fifty-dollar bill for George handed him only two bills. George ad-libbed, 'Just right, a forty-eight and a two.' Big laugh! Another time George asked Henry Fonda the date of his birth. 'June 3, 4, and 5,' replied Fonda, adding after a pause, 'I was a very tall baby.'

"George is even tops on commercials. One night he announced, 'A couple of weeks ago our sponsor offered some clutch bags to you ladies,

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but the response was so underwhelming we've got to do it again. This is serious now, folks: we just got to get rid of those bags!' They got rid of them with the next mail, and were behind on orders for months!"

While I was lunching with George at Lucey's (opposite Paramount and RKO) a lady barged over and asked, "When are they going to do your show in color, Mr. Gobel?" "Gosh," he answered, "we've got trouble enough persuading them to keep doing it in black-and-white!"

EXTRA DIVIDEND OF THE GOBEL SHOW for me was that I was able to sneak in a day at Disneyland, which is so wonderful it's almost worth a trip to California to see it alone.

"Is Disneyland a success?" I asked Walt Disney. "You bet," he assured me, "and I've got $12,000,000 in debts to prove it." The park actually cost $18,000,000—six from Disney, six from the American Broadcasting Company, and six from Western Litho, which holds the exclusive franchise for producing Walt Disney books (most of which appear under the Simon & Schuster imprint).

The public response to Disneyland has been astounding. Despite una-

voidable initial miscalculations there will be a net profit of over $1,000,000 for the first full year of operations. Last to succumb to the endless fascinations of the playground seems to be the populace of Greater Los Angeles itself. Just as New Yorkers hang back until friends from out-of-town march them off to the convenient United Nations set-up, Angelenos keep postponing their visits to Disneyland, reasoning, "It will still be there tomorrow." They just don't know what they're missing!

IF THERE'S A FAMILY TRIP to Disneyland in your future the park's razor-sharp publicity manager, Edward T. Meck, may be able to furnish valuable advance suggestions. He—and Walt Disney himself—gave my wife and myself, and our friends, Leonora and Arthur Hornblow, such a whirl that we scarcely can wait to go right back again. Meck can be reached c/o Disneyland, 1313 Harbor Boulevard, Anaheim, California. —BENNETT CERF.

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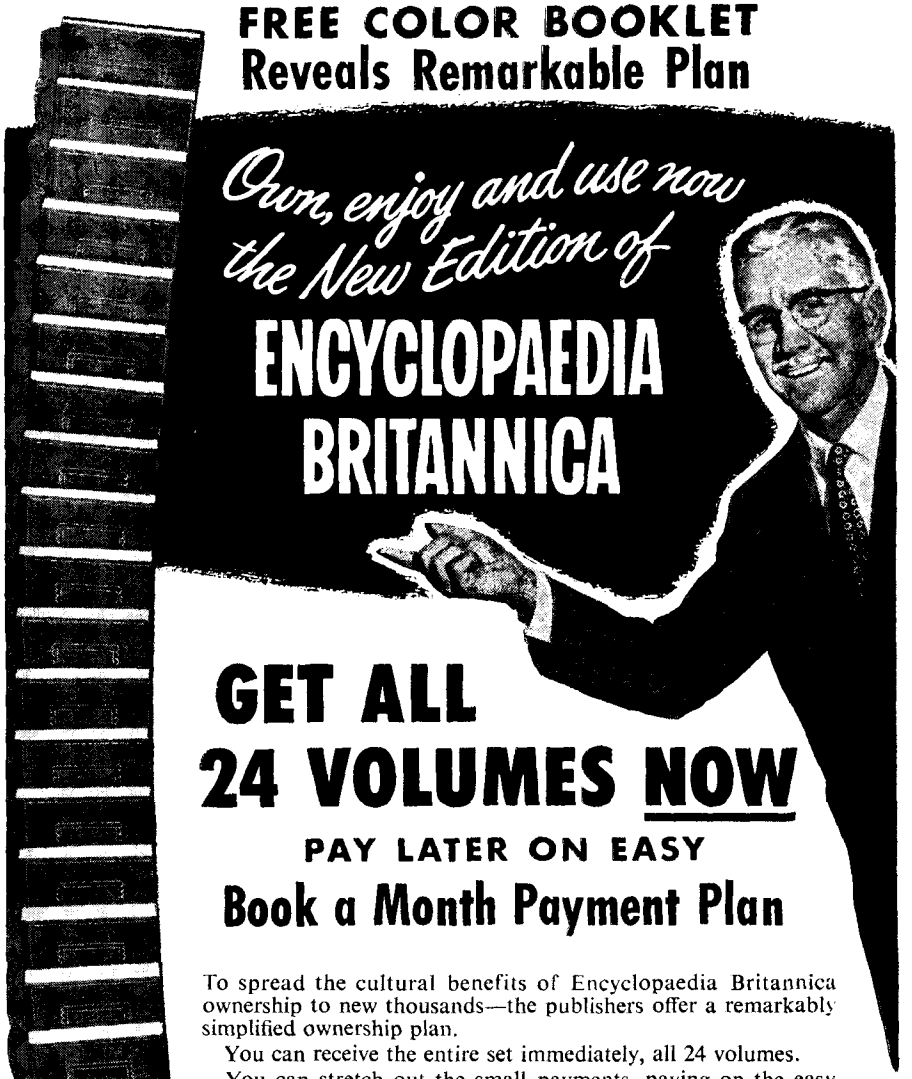

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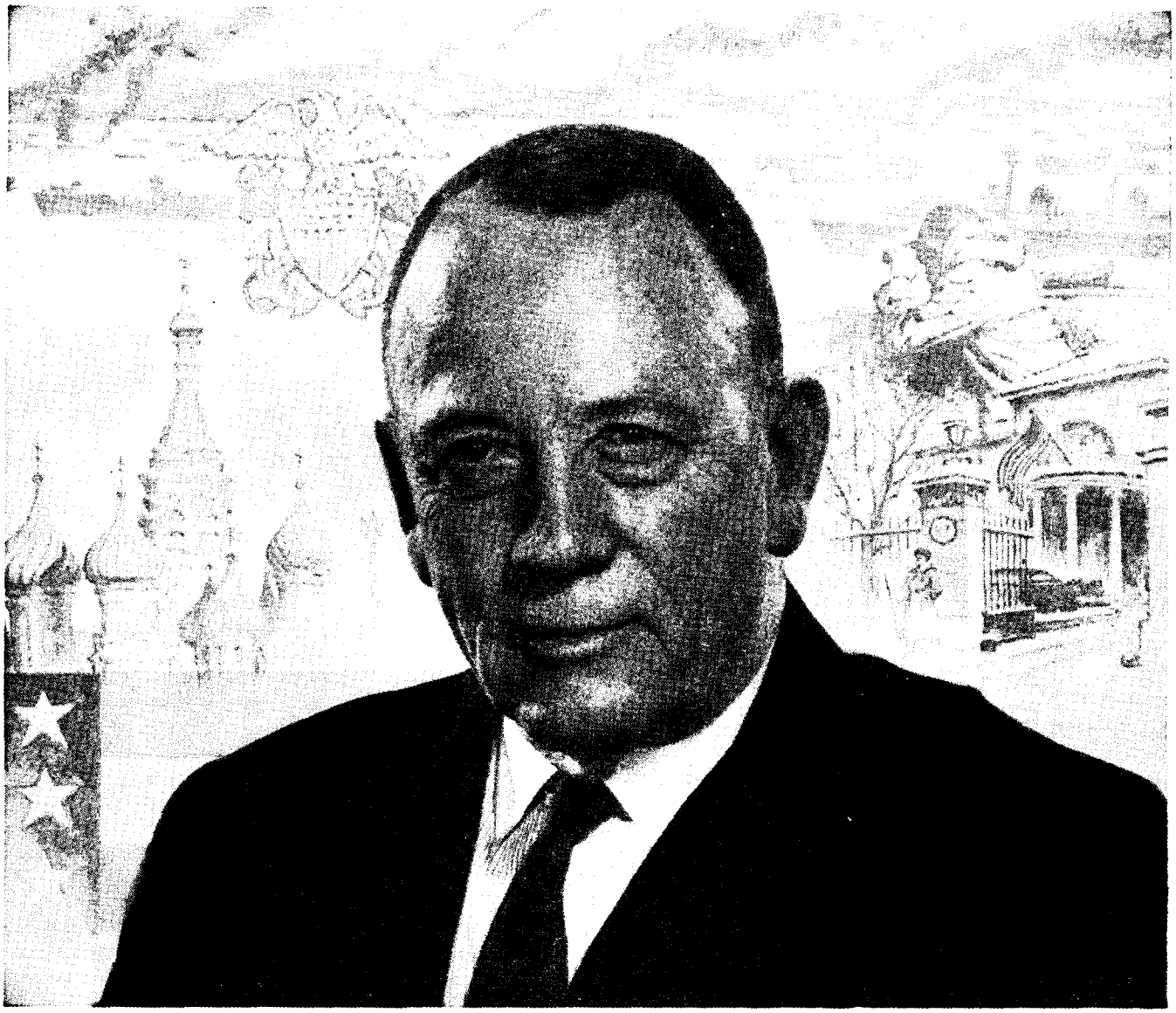

Admiral Alan G. Kirk, USN (Ret.), was Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1949 to 1951, Ambassador to Belgium from 1946 to 1949. In World War II he commanded the American Naval Forces in the Normandy invasion. Admiral Kirk is now with Atlas Corporation.

FIVE-YEAR PLANS...OR COMPETITION?

by ADMIRAL ALAN G. KIRK

"Gasoline rationing . . . high prices . . . oil products of poor quality . . . production goals met 18 years late . . . these are the results when the State takes charge and replaces private competition.

"As U. S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, I saw a State-controlled oil industry at work. Five-year plan followed five-year plan. Yet only recently—18 years late—did Russia reach her 1937 production goal.

"Today potentially oil-rich Russia produces only 8.6% of the world's oil. And for 1960 the Kremlin plan calls for less than one-third of what America produces right now!

"Hardly a record to boast about . . . and even less so when you realize that whatever oil the State *does* produce, the State uses! Little gasoline is left for private use . . . and then it costs 5 *times* as much as here and is of poor quality!

"What a contrast to America . . . where nearly half—44.6%—of the world's oil is produced . . . where today's gasoline is 50% better than in 1925 . . . where gasoline (except for higher taxes) costs little more than 30 years ago.

"It seems that five-year plans are no substitute for the incentive of competition that sparks our own oil industry. Each of America's thousands of oil companies tries to outdo its rivals by constantly improving products and services. The result of this competition? We get more and better oil products—at better prices than any people in the world.

"How sharp the picture of how much we owe to the American freedom of competitive action! How clear the lesson that we must keep this freedom strong and unfettered!"

Alan G. Kirk

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 21, 1956

WHAT ARE WE DOING TO OUR HEROES?

Wonderful stories have been written about fools ("Jonathan Andrews"), weak sisters ("Studs Lonigan"), and monsters ("The Portrait of Dorian Gray"), but the novelist usually chooses a "hero" for his purposes: a man —common or remarkable, beaten or triumphant, cocksure or confused— who at least partly embodies the striving, hopeful, honest aspects of humanness. Reginald L. Cook, author and professor of American literature at Middlebury College, makes the point here that Society admires fictional heroes according to patterns; our heroes are a critique of ourselves.

By REGINALD L. COOK

HEROES are made by history, but stories about heroes are made by bards and medicine-men. A great leader is born, or a wise old wizard, who unites his people, steers them to a better land, promulgates laws, defeats enemies and aborigines. Then he dies and takes his place in the tribal godhead, while poets and priests take over the embellishment (and, of course, the edifying revisions) of his story.

As a society matures, however, human frailties and idiosyncrasies become more esthetically interesting than divine perfections. Homer's Achilles, like other Greek and Roman heroes, is half-god, half-man; though the son of a goddess and a virtuoso warrior, he boasts and sulks and loves like any other fallible, temperamental general. Literary protagonists continued to inhabit this halfway house down to Roman times.

In Europe the Christian Era brought about a total revolution in psychological concern: the human soul—with all its bitter paradoxes and problems—at once became the only theatre of real heroism. The hero was a man like Hamlet, ridden by unmanageable ambitions and passions, contradictions and (to use the modern word) neuroses. Necessarily he was a figure who could be judged by each reader or listener individually, according to personal values: Captain Ahab is the devil's emissary and the incarnation of blind pride to a pious man, a heaven-storming demigod to a romantic. Society at large, which has always used the hero for the image of what it wants its men to be, discards the heroes it finds false or tiresome as this image changes—perhaps the Germans have now had enough of Zarathustra and Siegfried. Other heroes like Don Quixote have to some extent created their own national character.

In nineteenth-century fiction a kind of further metamorphosis took place, when writers began to make the reader see that heroism is not something that is always strived for as such but a quality or condition of the human spirit which a character has had to prove. The character is not trying to be heroic; he simply had to be heroic to do what he did. The circumstances created the heroism. And this is one reason why this heroism is so becoming. It is untainted by arrogance or selfishness. These heroes are what might be described as in the common strain. They are more Lincolnian than Washingtonian, more *of* the people than *for* the people. Like Whitman's muse, they are safely "install'd amid the kitchenware."

THESE heroes, who are called variously Huck Finn, Silas Lapham, or Henry Fleming, all have their roots in good, rich American earth. Some can make things, like Lapham (paint); some are just adept at cultivating their souls, like Huck, or in overcoming their natural fears, like Henry Fleming. One thing they share in common. All qualify in the gallery of post-romantic heroes. They are not the princes of the Old World of whom

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The Heroic Mold ... *in Six Variations*

—Rockwell Kent.

CAPTAIN AHAB is the premier creation of Herman Melville (1819-1891), one of the most individual writers in English. "Moby Dick" was published when Melville was thirty-two, after fourteen years of high adventure: he had run away to sea, escaped from a whaler in the South Seas, lived among cannibals, worked as a Tahitian field-laborer and on a warship, and described his experiences in several successful books. Ahab was concocted at the peak of Melville's powers. Surrounded by rich portraits of sailors and the sea. Ahab struggles with the darkest, most tenacious paradoxes of the human spirit; he is Milton's Satan, or Shakespeare's Prince Hamlet, in the mortal guise of a New England ship's-master.

—Norman Rockwell.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN may not even be the hero of his own book, published in 1884; some critics judge Mark Twain's greatest work the apotheosization of the Mississippi, the "Father of Waters" who divides America in two and creates his own universe along his enormous trunk and limbs. In any case, Twain's own life (1835-1910) was filled with the great river, which he knew intimately and applied as the source of Huck's youthful strength and goodness, fickleness and curiosity and ideals.

—Sam Norkin.

SANTIAGO is the fisherman of Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Mand and the Sea" (1952). He is an aged, failing craftsman who asks only to be let alone by the hurly-burly world to do what he knows how to do; his antagonists are his own frailties, the sun, sea, and the fish he hunts. He is the most recent of Hemingway's (born in 1899) portraits of men who take dogged pride in their personal skills, though there be small market for them in our mass-production, atom-bomb world, and who are concerned with the fixed virtues of manhood—truth, honor, valor, and communion with God.

—Reginald Marsh.

CLYDE GRIFFITHS grew up in a poor home and then, when in his early twenties he had about given himself up, found his way to some rich relations. Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945) was not a very "literary" writer, but no book has more acidly portrayed than "An American Tragedy" (1925) the bite of poverty in American society, the other side of the American Dream when pretty girls, clothes, promotions, dances, and the whole future lie just out of dollars' reach. Most poor Americans come to terms somehow; Griffiths died from stupidly and selfishly botching his problems; he is a hero nonetheless.

—Doug Anderson.

STUDS LONIGAN, James T. Farrell's (born in 1904) protagonist, will be no hero to most people. He's the boy-who-went-bad; the kid born in a sour slum who grew up into the brawling, industrial maelstrom of the Twenties' Chicago, when racketeers ruled the Loop, smart people laughed at God, and the air was heavy with ugliness and futility. Whatever Studs's opportunities were he didn't make anything of them; he turned self-indulgent and parasitic and died as unheeded as he had lived. Still he was human, and perhaps the most memorable hero in the "social novels" of the Depression decade.

—John Steuart Curry.

HENRY FLEMING is the slender hero of Stephen Crane's wonderful, slender masterpiece, "The Red Badge of Courage" (1893). Written when the author was twenty-two, a tale of war by a young man who had never seen war, it celebrates the grit of the Free Man, here the boy fresh from the farm who is plunged into the chaotic bloodbath of Civil War, who watches his friends and enemies killed and maimed, who breaks but then comes to himself, repairs his spirit, and is a man. Crane's death in 1900 of tuberculosis was an irreparable tragedy of American letters, for the young writer was a sort of American Keats.

heroic acts are to be expected. They are simply "poor bare forked animals" who prove up.

Take Huck. He is one of the most appealing heroes in our fiction. He is the unspoiled, rudimentary side of Whitman's new world, and the Great River is a symbol of the freedom of the human spirit. "It's lovely to live on a raft," says Huck. But the river is also the source of moral experience when, at a critical moment, the fourteen-year-old boy is forced to make the personal decision the United States made nationally in the Emancipation Proclamation. In the self-imposed trial scene on the big, silent river Huck is his own plaintiff, defense, and judge, passing judgment on himself and Jim. "I knowed he was white inside . . .," he says of Jim, and in acknowledging the essential dignity of the Negro and in recognizing the right of human beings like Jim to justice, Huck challenges the vested interests with a code based on instinctive morality. When an American boy of such negative background has the roots of the matter in him how much more can be expected of those with greater opportunities for enlightenment?

In "The Red Badge of Courage" Stephen Crane's Henry Fleming, the raw young recruit in the New York 304th Regiment, is one of the last of the genuine nineteenth-century American fictional heroes. Here we have the Democratic Hero—the farm boy who comes through. His heroism is that of the insignificant soldier—"Yer just one little fellow"—who, in transcending the circumstances—"the ghost of his flight" under combat—rallies and grows equal to his own ideals. "And at last his eyes seemed to open to some new ways." Heroism in Henry's case is the point of no return beyond fear, where courage takes over. The shape of Henry's courage is what he can do with his fear. He masters it. In spite of the sordid, ghastly, nonsensical combat experience he transcends absurdity and terror and fulfils himself.

TODAY the status of the hero has been so greatly lowered that it is possible to describe our time as the age of the vanished hero. Or the era of the anti-hero. There are still protagonists like Robert Jordan, Santiago, and Lucas Beauchamp, Jack Burden and Tom Joad, Arrowsmith and Abner Coates, to select a few at random. But a close reader of modern American fiction is aware of important differences between the nineteenth-century and the twentieth-century hero. One of the obvious dif-

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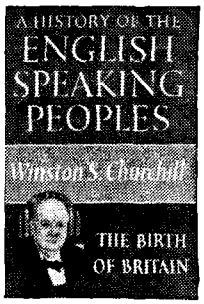

SR's Book of the Week:

"THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN"

By WILLIAM B. WILLCOX, *professor of history, University of Michigan; author of "Star of Empire: A Study of Britain as a World Power."*

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL is not merely the last great survivor of the nineteenth century; he personifies, in our age of specialization, the breadth and depth of curiosity that marked the best Victorians. Narrow professionalism is alien to him, whether as politician or historian. He could no more have spent his life conforming to the humdrum discipline of party than in writing monographs on the reign of Queen Anne; just as he has moved from Conservatism to Liberalism and back again, so he has moved from period to period of history. Today, when his allegiance as politician is presumably fixed for the remainder of his career, his interest as historian is still developing.

Before the Second World War he began a history of the English-speaking peoples from prehistoric times to the present. The work was interrupted by more pressing business, first leading the nation and then writing the history of his leadership. Now he has returned to his earlier design. "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples: The Birth of Britain" (Dodd, Mead, $6), which carries the story from the beginning to the advent of the Tudors, is only the first volume of the four projected. This will be history in the grand manner, grander in one sense than the multi-volume works of the Victorian giants. Only one of them, J. R. Green, covered anything like a comparable span, and he stopped in 1815; the others—Froude and Gardiner, Lecky and Macaulay—dealt at great length with great themes of a century or less. Sir Winston has tackled a theme that continues for almost two millennia and ramifies before the end through half the world. For most octogenarians this might seem overambitious; even for him it offers ample scope to his energy.

The first volume is history in the grand manner and also in the old manner. Churchill's announced aim is "to present a personal view on the processes whereby English-speaking peoples throughout the world have achieved their distinctive position and character." But the emphasis is in fact entirely political and constitutional. This at once raises a question: Why interpret "processes" to exclude the economic, social, and artistic? The interrelation of England and France, for example, came out in the architecture of Lincoln and Westminster as clearly as in Henry II's marriage and Edward III's campaigns; the character of the House of Commons owed much to the wool trade as well as to the Plantagenets. When an author limits his subject without explaining the limits he implies that the subject is smaller than it really is. Sir Winston's "personal view" is in fact a partial view, narrowed to the area of his interests. That area, fascinating and complex as it is, should not be mistaken for the whole complex of English medieval history.

Churchill is actually less concerned

PORTRAIT OF A HISTORIAN AT WORK: As far as the business, if not the art, of retelling history goes few writing gentlemen of the twentieth century have perfected their literary production techniques more profitably than has that old hand at political, military, and diplomatic affairs Sir Winston Churchill. For with the publication of Volume One of his "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples" Sir Winston again demonstrates methods of authorship that would abash the ordinary writer-historian.

"Everything I do is expensive," Sir Winston has said, by way of explaining his techniques, and there can be little doubt that this is true. To accomplish his mammoth output, which has in the past included the well-known Churchillian memoirs of World War II, he works in gusts, seized by inspiration and stimulated by prodigious amounts of whiskey, as he told one awed editor, and relaxes at his Chartwell home or Riviera hideaway by occasional picture painting. But above all Sir Winston remains the military planner, surrounding himself with a general staff consisting of a battery of writers and six secretaries headed by his personal "secretary of literary affairs." In the beginning Sir Winston himself roughs out the grand strategy and perspective of his books, delegating such responsibilities as research to his staff. This mass of research material is then weighed, evaluated, and verbally redrafted by Sir Winston under any number of circumstances. He may choose to address his redraftings into a dictaphone in a ringing Parliamentary prose, or he may choose to jump into a tub and dictate bawlingly from the midst of soap suds to a secretary stationed outside the bathroom door; but in any event the transcripts so produced are then relayed immediately to his printers, the Chiswick Press, who set them up expensively in type-galleys which are personally paid for by Sir Winston. Enabled in this manner to see and read his words as they actually look and sound in type, Sir Winston and his staff then begin to undo the work of the printers. By a series of shuttling maneuvers, the galleys are mercilessly revised, reset by the printers, and, somewhere along the line, sent out to paid advisers—university professors and experts—for comments and for the checking of the accuracy of the Churchillian view of history. In this fashion some of the present chapters of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples" were reworked and polished six different times before they met with the Churchillian approval. Only then were they shipped off to his English publishers, Cassells of London, and to his American publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co.

—"The Birth of Britain."

The editorial feat of putting 600,000 words together for the projected four-volume history was made possible because Churchill has long been immersed in historical writing. In the Thirties he rescued his ancestor General John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722), from disrepute and recreated an entire era. By 1939 he compiled, in galleys naturally, enough material for "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples." But the war and the memoirs intervened until he decided a year ago to revise and expand the 1939-version into twice its length. This calls for a breathtaking output of 150,000 words

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with processes, even political and constitutional, than with the drama of people and events. The distinction is of course not absolute; process works out in terms of what people do. But the historian has a choice of method. He may describe human activities in order to elucidate the underlying process, or he may describe them for their own sake and leave the reader to divine the process. Sir Winston is so deeply absorbed with his material that the second method is the only one open to him. Although he deals briefly and superbly with a few formative influences, such as the common law, and gives fleeting glimpses of others he ignores many that molded the medieval constitution. What did the feudal contract have to do with the rise of Parliament? What were the effects of primogeniture? How did the facts of geography condition the development of royal power? Questions like these the book never raises. But they touch the heart of the story and have to be answered before the underlying process becomes clear.

They do not have to be answered, however, in order to enjoy the story. Churchill is not trying to get at the heart of medieval England; he is describing it in action. As his earlier books have abundantly demonstrated, he is a born storyteller. His sure sense of structure, his love of crises, his eye for the illustrative detail, produce a narrative that is never dull and usually enthralling. Although this volume is less finished in style than his others and shows signs (quite aside from the lamentable proofreading) of hasty composition, it is lighted throughout by his enthusiasm for his subject. He has lived with these turbulent men and women, and views them with the sympathy of one who has experienced turbulence. He may not know all of them well, but he feels their vitality and makes the reader feel it. In consequence the story, even at its most tortuous, has an absorbing reality.

Churchill is gifted with one of the outstanding imaginations of our time. He has used this gift in making history; his leadership in both wars might almost be defined as imagination in action. He uses the same gift in writing history. Past actions come to life because he imagines himself into them, and the reader is carried with him much as the spectator is carried into Olivier's screen version of "Henry V." The result, to judge by this opening volume of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples," is not great history in the orthodox sense, because it does not touch the core of the process. Neither is it, for the same reason, a great essay on history. But it is magnificent drama.

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a year by Churchill and his entourage.

What are the chances of obtaining galleys which have been corrected in the author's own hand in order to satisfy one's curiosity about the famed Churchillian revisions? They are apparently zero, says Edward H. Dodd, Jr., who heads the American house which is publishing "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples." The illustrious author has refused to lend literary proofs for public exhibition to advance either his own or other people's business. Says Sir Winston's "secretary of literary affairs": "The cook (meaning Sir Winston, of course) doesn't like the public to come into his kitchen." But the real reason is more probably Sir Winston's own superb business acumen. No reporter for either newspapers or magazines is likely to coax even verbal statements out of Sir Winston, who has long been known to regard his every utterance as literary property which he himself hoards for financial exploitation. With this policy he pushed himself into the millionaire bracket of the British economy, competing favorably with one of the most astute businessmen in the history of letters, George Bernard Shaw, in the ability to eke out every penny from his enterprises. British journalists in particular have for years been annoyed by this businesslike monopoly on words and by a lack of press conferences even when Sir Winston was a public servant. To these journalists such reticence on the part of Sir Winston has been especially aggravating considering the fact that he once was a newspaperman himself.

Sir Winston's current literary bents seem certain to pay off handsomely. In fact, Mr. Dodd almost falls into a trance when he is asked how well he expects to do with the whole "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples," a series which will be completed by 1958. Says Mr. Dodd: "We hope to make publishing history by selling one million copies each of the four volumes. . . . It's a monumental work which should find a place next to the Bible and the dictionary." Then he points to the fact that advance sales of the Churchillian history have already reached a figure of 50,000 copies, that textbook publishers are approaching him for student editions of portions of the series, and that the Churchillian war memoirs of a few years ago sold three million copies through the Book-of-the-Month Club alone. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

Why They Came

"Charles I and the Puritan Upheaval," by Allen French *(Houghton Mifflin. 436 pp. $8), is a study of the conditions in Old England which caused the Great Migration to New England between 1629 and 1642. Here it is reviewed by Louis B. Wright, director of the Folger Library and author of "The Atlantic Frontier."*

By Louis B. Wright

BETWEEN 1629 and 1642 something like 20,000 immigrants poured into New England, chiefly through Boston harbor, and during the same period approximately 45,000 went to the West Indies and to the other Southern colonies. The influx into New England is known in colonial history as "the Great Migration" and has been the subject of study for many years. Every school child has heard that the New England Puritans came in search of religious freedom. How many came to New England out of a genuine concern over religion is a vexed question that no one can answer with certainty. It is this question that Allen French set out to investigate, and the results of his inquiry appear in his posthumous volume "Charles I and the Puritan Upheaval." Although Mr. French was not able to solve the riddle his book is a work of value to the general reader, who will find in it many fascinating glimpses of life in seventeenth-century England.

Unlike most books concerned with the Puritan migration, Mr. French's volume deals less with events on the American side of the Atlantic than with conditions in the homeland that may have stimulated the movement toward the New World. He has gone back to forgotten letters and documents, to county records, to state papers, and to a voluminous monographic literature to try to discover the particular climate of discontent that sent the Puritans to New England. After summing up his evidence he concludes: "The body of New England immigrants were driven by the belief that in England religious conditions were unbearable. What they thought is plain. We have granted that land and economic security were the natural need of practically all who went. But there was more involved. Were they not persecuted?"

Mr. French's arguments are reasonable and savored with common sense. He is aware of the evidence on

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the other side, and when he disagrees with his fellow historians he does it with such urbanity and good manners that one is almost ready to grant him his case. But facts will not quite permit it. Uneasy as were a few Puritans concerning their personal safety, and great as was the concern over the hectoring of the Puritan ministry by Archbishop Laud and the Court of High Commission, Mr. French's best efforts have not produced convincing evidence that the great mass of immigrants came to Massachusetts Bay because they were in fear of religious persecution. That religion played a large part in the motivation of their leaders is clear. That religion was the motivation of Tom, Dick, and Harry, who found themselves oppressed and persecuted by the unco' guid of Massachusetts Bay once they were there, is to be doubted.

As Mr. French agrees, the motives behind the migration to New England were complex and involved. An overemphasis upon economic factors may have given as distorted a view as the older and simpler doctrine that the search for religious freedom sent Englishmen to Massachusetts Bay. If someone had taken a poll of the settlers as they arrived he might have found that the leaders and the clergy came to found a religious commonwealth according to their tastes; but he would also have discovered that many came in the hope of improving their economic lot, others because of a general discontent with the political and social conditions in England, some out of a spirit of sheer adventure, and a few to escape jail or a nagging wife. Their motives were decidedly mixed.

And one has only to examine the court records of Massachusetts Bay to discover how many of the populace gave proof by their misdeeds that they were far from inspired by a spirit of godliness. The further we get from an age the more influenced we are by the most vocal groups, in the case of New England by the voice of the clergy, and we are inclined to believe that everybody shared the views of the preachers. The same conditions that prompted Puritans to come to Massachusetts Bay moved thousands of Anglicans, Catholics, Quakers, and impious rogues of no religion to seek a new life in various colonies of America during the same period.

But even if one cannot agree with all of Mr. French's conclusions one can read his book with appreciation and interest. For it is written with grace and charm, and his pictures of life in England.

FICTION

Search for Serenity

"The Heel of Spring," by Frank Rooney (Vanguard. 326 pp. $3.95), is the story of a man who attempts to live down the sins of his father.

By Thomas Gallagher

In "The Heel of Spring," a heady and excellently paced novel by Frank Rooney, the narrator finds out in his early teens that his father is alive and in prison for murdering his mother. For the next ten years he struggles to free himself of this deformity and the relatives whose lives it affected, to look "back" rather than "down" on the family; and it is this odyssey through revelation to maturity that gives the book its motion, direction, and meaning. The narrator lives in New York, California, and the Middle West with aunts and uncles who offer him something to accept, reject, or hem in.

Mr. Rooney never makes the unpractised novelist's mistake of offering information about his characters before interest in them makes it welcome information. With at once natural and expository dialogue, a salient tagging of scene and surface sparkle, he leads the reader round the country, in and out of homes, apartments, boarding schools, and prisons. He has a wonderful way of taking you up short and almost with dialogue alone letting you know that you're somewhere else, with someone else. After the Bible-Belt "financial piety" of Uncle Roy, for example ("Three weeks' work, three weeks' pay. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Well and good . . ."), we follow the narrator to Grand Central Terminal, where Uncle Arnold wastes no time in establishing his difference from Uncle Roy: "If I know anything about that little fart, you're starved . . ."

Frank Rooney—"heady, excellently paced."

The trouble with Mr. Rooney's very real talent as a novelist is that, in this book at least, it never frees itself of his one real fault, which is a kind of emotional laziness. There are pace, suspense, narrative drive, and sharp insight, but a deficiency of real emotion. Character revelation comes immediately, even brilliantly, but thereafter is susceptible to no important qualifications. What the narrator knows and feels about the characters is what the characters know or come to know and feel about themselves. After the narrator gives up his Uncle Roy's "stinginess, sour stomach, and constipation," for example, he visits his Uncle Arnold and is given not a new facet of Uncle Roy's character but the same one he has already given us, expressed in different words. While visiting another uncle in California the narrator writes: "Uncle Everett had searched for and found [near San Bernardino] his Walden," whereupon Uncle Arnold, on the narrator's return to New York, says: "How's old Everett, the latter-day Thoreau?"

Such coincidentally shared judgments are possible, but when there are too many of them and they embody a conspicuous prudence on the author's own part to change his mind about his character one gets the sense of a horizontally planned mural rather than a lived-through book.

The author is never stricken by his own creations; scenes come quickly to life like sections of a fuse burning through the book—burning as you read them and then burning out. One misses the labor and struggle, the "ah's" of doggedly following the vein of some creative necessity. That is why the book is so easy to read, why it is never exhausting emotionally, and why one never feels a reluctance, in the good sense, to go on.

These things would not be worth saying if Mr. Rooney were just another novelist, but there is too much

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FOUR FROM ABROAD

New Novels from Sweden, Africa, and Points Between

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to write about Iris Murdoch's second excellent novel without resorting to paradox. Like "Under the Net," **"The Flight From the Enchanter"** (Viking Press, $3.75) is at the same time delightful and depressing, absurd and full of meaning, realistic and fantastic. Written by an Oxford lecturer in philosophy who is the author of a book on Sartre, it is never heavily metaphysical or slavishly Existentialist. It can be read as a comic novel about a "wayward segment of humanity," but it can, and I think should, be read also as a philosophical novel with almost as many levels of meaning as Joyce's "Ulysses."

ENGLISH Iris Murdoch is an Oxford philosophy lecturer, has been called one of her country's most promising novelists. Symbolism is her forte.

"The Flight From the Enchanter" starts out with Annette Cockeyne leaving the classroom where her instructor is reading the twelfth canto of the "Inferno." She can't stand Dante's cruelty to the Minotaur—after all, God made him, and Dante had no right to relegate him to Hell. Anyhow, she is bored with the mess of teachers who are supposed to train one to snag a husband in one or, at most, two seasons and with the head of Ringenhall, whose "calm indifference . . . won her the reputation of being a good schoolmistress." After gratifying her suppressed desire to swing from the dining-room chandelier and stealing Browning's "Poems" she leaves the school to start her education in the School of Life. (On her way out she gives the stolen Browning to the schoolmistress as a present.)

Her education in the School of Life involves Annette with as odd an assortment of people as you'll never meet. Apart from her guardians—the somewhat effeminate Hunter, editor of the formerly feminist-socialist *Artemis,* and Rosa, who has survived "the destruction of the heart" yet still retains "the strength to love"—there's Miss Casement, who's more masculine than her employer, who lets her do his work; Calvin Blick, who is an excellent and dedicated pornographic photographer; and Peter Seward, who is only prevented from strewing books all over his ceiling by "a lack of mechanical skill." Most important of all is Mischa Fox, the enchanter the others flee towards, a God-figure who is omniscient and helpless, who pities all living creatures and is willing to release them from life when it becomes too "nauseous." He embodies a first principle Miss Murdoch evidently feels governs all gods by showing "how strangely close to each other" lie "the springs of cruelty and of pity."

It's impossible to go into detail about the complicated symbolism that conveys the layers that lie beneath layers of meaning. The tragic-happiness of existence is conveyed, usually, with hilarious seriousness. Many scenes are comic and it is mostly in thinking back that one realizes the complexity Miss Murdoch entertainingly communicates. Miss Murdoch sometimes overpiles her symbols and lets her verve carry her into episodes that seem to me either inconsistent with each other or unfunctional. After reading "The Flight From the Enchanter" one wonders, with gratitude tinged with impatience, where does her excellence go from here?

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

HARRY MARTINSON'S semi-autobiographical Swedish novel **"The Road"** (translated by M. H. Michael; Reynal, $3.50), which won for its author election to the Swedish Academy, is a strange, largely formless chronicle of the life of a wanderer on the roads of Sweden. In the intensity of its lyric feeling and the ultimate inwardness of its expression it recalls the German and English romantic poets and storytellers of a century and a half ago. Although the drifter Bolle is far weaker and more passive than his great prototype, his stoical courage in defying the society that eventually destroys him makes him a blood brother to that other great wanderer Childe Harold and at least cousin-german to the nameless heroes of a hundred *Lieder.*

—Harry Borstrom.

SWEDISH Harry Martinson spent part of his life as a hobo. He tells about it in his largely formless semi-autobiographical "The Road."

Mr. Martinson begins with an account of Bolle's early life as a cigarmaker, learning primitive philosophy at the bench until he is driven forth by discontent and by the departure for America of his closest friend. The same force that impels Ahlbom to emigrate (the book's most explicit social criticism—indeed, its closest connection with the external, non-poetic world—concerns the great Swedish emigration of the later nineteenth century) sends Bolle to the road.

This phase of Bolle's life, which has its strange pleasures, including love, as well as its bitterness and brutality, is succeeded by a third group of experiences, "The Gnomes," marked chiefly by frustration and misery. The mysterious concluding section, "The Sect," centers around the tramp philosopher Sandemar, who gathers a Platonic academy of tramps in an ancient brick-kiln where he eventually is burned to death. Bolle finds peace briefly in a sanatorium and then, in an extraordinary scene of death, transfiguration, and rebirth, begins existence again as a new-born infant in the Brazilian jungle.

Mr. Martinson's prose has lost something of its poetry in M. A. Michael's translation, but his story of a wanderer who no longer knows what he seeks remains haunting and evocative.

—MILTON CRANE.

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MAARTEN SCHIEMER knows his Cairo well. He has set his story **"The Cry of the Kite"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) in the days shortly before the exile of King Farouk, when the young Egyptian officers were still a distance from the *coup d'etat* which finally brought them to power. It was a hectic time. The palace ruled. The Wafd controlled the mob. The British were entrenched behind barbed wire at Ismailia. Everyone was plotting against everyone else. There were Communists in the ranks of the young officers, but they didn't care. They took Dirk Celliers, a young South African, into their confidence, and he did his best to help them in the intervals of making love to the dark-eyed and voluptuous Aziza, who had once sworn never to marry anyone less than a lieutenant. To have Aziza, Dirk must plot as cunningly as the officers. He even becomes engaged to her, which is a mistake; for he must bribe his way into her family and watch her sitting in a blue silk dress, with white paint smeared over her face, at the inevitable celebrations. At such moments Aziza comes wonderfully alive and threatens to dominate the novel. She whines convincingly, she pouts, she displays her charms, and she drives her lover happily to despair. Mercifully, the officers summon him to a secret meeting just in time.

The revolution turns out badly. Everyone makes a botch of it—except perhaps the Communists. Those were the days when the mobs went wild through the streets of Cairo and Shepheard's Hotel was burned to the ground and no foreigner was safe. The German spy Omar von Branditz has connections with the revolutionaries, the pashas, and the palace and is prepared to sell information to the highest bidder. Perhaps Omar is a mistake. He introduces into the story an element of farce; and since the King and the pashas provide a sufficiency of farce, there is nothing to be gained by gilding that particular lily. The officers' revolt is abortive—another farce.

Mr. Schiemer has not written the great Egyptian novel, but he has done the next best thing. He has caught the spirit of Cairo on the eve of the revolution which brought Nasser to power. He gives you the smell and taste of the place. And he has given us Aziza for added measure. Until the great Egyptian novel comes along there is not much more on could ask.

—Robert Payne.

SOUTH AFRICAN Maarten Schiemer writes about Egypt during the Nasser Revolution in "The Cry of the Kite," reviewed at the left.

"TO MONOPOLIZE many women," wrote Santayana in his last major work and presumably, therefore, out of his maturest wisdom, "is the dream, conscious or unconscious, of every truly masculine bosom." It has certainly been the dream of a long line of unorthodox religious leaders and they have commonly followed the same logic in the direction of their dream. If "it is better to marry than to burn," then those who find themselves continuing to burn had best marry often and since wives are more easily acquired than got rid of they accumulate. Thus polygamy becomes almost inevitable and, if Bernard Shaw was right in his opinion that any woman would rather have part share in a first-rate man than exclusive possession of a second-rater, one wonders that it is not universal.

For **"The Abode of Love"** (Scribner, $3.50), the moral tale which suggests these reflections, Aubrey Menen has chosen to fictionalize the career of one Henry James Prince, an ex-clergyman of the established Church whose holy harem scandalized Victorian England sufficiently to be still remembered in the encyclopedias. Prince's small sect got off to a good financial start when he first added to his legal wife four of the five daughters of a wealthy lumber merchant and established himself in the rectory of a newly built church with stained-glass windows and a billiard table. Since the first four plural marriages as well as the subsequent ones were all "spiritual" he was not chargeable with bigamy by the law, but since children turned up occasionally in "The Abode of Love" the distinction was technical. Prince lived to a ripe age but, unfortunately, there wasn't much vigor in his few surviving disciples.

Readers do not need to be told that Mr. Menen wields a sly pen and there is much that is both witty and amusing in this book. But to the inevitable question "Is it as good as his 'Dead Man in a Silver Market'?" the answer must be a reluctant No. The most obvious reason is that the subject is not as good. It isn't as good, first, because the multiple uxoriousness of the founders of new religions from Mohammed to Brigham Young has been well worked by humorists; second, because the satire doesn't really strike at anyone worth bothering with.

"Dead Man in the Silver Market" was a good deal more than just funny because, through the mouth of Mr. Menen's brahmin grandmother, he could turn the tables on the whole complex of Western proprieties and prejudices with telling as well as hilarious effect. But Henry James Price is too little more than a merely farcical figure. And that, I think, is the reason why the best chapter in the whole book is that which deals not with Prince or any of his disciples but with the father of the four sister brides who had made money so easily that he became fascinated by the whole mystery and reached various profound conclusions like this one: "The essence of success is that it is never necessary to think of a new idea oneself. It is far better to wait until somebody else does it, and then copy him in every detail except his mistakes."

As a satirist the half-oriental, half-occidental Mr. Menen is uniquely placed to cut both ways when he contrasts the follies of the East with the follies of the West. And for all the light amusement to be got out of "The Abode of Love," it is rather a pity he chose a subject which provides too little opportunity for the originality of his earlier book.

—Joseph Wood Krutch.

—Cinera Photo.

ANGLO-INDIAN Aubrey Menen, satirist of the East and the West, now examines Victorian England in his new book, "The Abode of Love."

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Virginia's Genius General

"Robert E. Lee," by Earl Schenck Miers *(Alfred A. Knopf. 203 pp. $2.50), is the latest in the Great Lives in Brief Series. Professor T. Harry Williams of Louisiana State University, author of "P. T. Beauregard" and other books about the Civil War, reviews it below.*

By T. Harry Williams

THE LATEST item to appear in the rapidly expanding and always excellent Great Lives in Brief Series is Earl Schenck Miers's biography of Robert E. Lee. The aim of the series is to present in each volume a concise and authoritative record intended for the reader for whom an encyclopedia account is too brief and a standard biography is too detailed. Mr. Miers's book more than fills the bill. Without uncovering any new information, the author distils the existing Lee material, which in source and secondary shape is massive, into a readable story that catches the elusive personality of the Confederate hero more accurately than many a bulkier biography.

Mr. Miers is primarily interested, as he should be, in Lee the military man, in Lee as the embodiment of the Southern cause in the Civil War. Two short chapters are devoted to Lee's life before 1860, but this section is sufficient to delineate Lee's character and to explain the peculiar and powerful influences that had molded Lee into a type—Lee the Virginian. In the secession crisis, the author says, Lee was forced to a narrow choice, one which he had hoped he would never have to make. He made his choice—to go along with secession—because of the Virginia tradition: "this sense of historic destiny that was rooted in Virginia soil and was hallowed."

—From "The Face of Robert E. Lee."

Lee—"a wholeness in his character."

In describing and evaluating Lee as a general Mr. Miers resolutely lays aside the mood of awe in which so many biographers have approached Lee, that mood which has resulted in so many books that depict Lee as a kind of impossible Jove. He wants to see Lee the great general, but he also wants to see Lee the human general. Lee's greatness as a man and military leader, Mr. Miers thinks, rested on a wholeness in his character, and this wholeness derived from the fact "that he was consistently the objective man, attending to duty and trusting in God for his motivation." Put in somewhat more pedestrian language, Lee believed his cause was right, and calmly he labored to bring about its triumph. The consistent, sustained quality of industry which Lee displayed—the simple ability to work hard at the job without showing strain, fear, or passion—was conspicuously absent in many civil and military leaders in the Confederacy.

When Lee assumed the command of the Army of Northern Virginia in 1862, Mr. Miers writes, he did not "spring forth neatly packaged and pre-shrunk." It was an intensely human Lee who took over, doubtful of his powers but determined to perform his assigned task. It was a Lee who made some mistakes, but who shortly demonstrated that he was a brilliant field commander. The author lists Lee's greatest merit as his ability to estimate the potential of his own army and of the enemy, and to evaluate the requirements of the Confederacy's military situation. In short, here was a general who always dealt in realities.

This is the best biography available for the reader who is looking for an introduction to Lee. And he can return to it with profit after he has read many other books describing the man who is the symbol of the Lost Cause.

Robert V. Bruce—"thorough mastery."

The Inventive Abe

"Lincoln and the Tools of War," by Robert V. Bruce *(Bobbs-Merrill. 368 pp. $5), is an account of the Civil War President's interest in gadgets with a military use. Here it is reviewed by Richard N. Current of the Woman's College, University of North Carolina, who has written on both Lincoln and technological history.*

By Richard N. Current

"BY A proper application of mechanical devices alone will you be able with absolute certainty to destroy the enemies of the Union." Thus, in 1862, wrote the inventor John Ericsson to President Lincoln, but Lincoln scarcely needed the advice. Always fond of gadgets, he once had patented a mechanism (an impracticable one) for enabling river boats to pass over shoals, and he had prepared and delivered a lecture (an unsuccessful one) on technological history. From the start of the Civil War he recognized the importance of Yankee ingenuity to the Union cause.

As skilled mechanics joined the Army the number of new patents fell off, yet during the war years more than 16,000 were taken out in the United States as compared with only 266 in the Confederacy. Most of the thousands of wartime inventions were as useless as Lincoln's own boat contrivance. Inventing was still the hit-or-miss activity of individuals pursuing their separate hunches. There was no government agency for coordinating the work of invention. The nearest thing to an Office of Research and Development during the Civil War was Lincoln himself.

Countless letters came to the White House from inventors and promoter

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all over the North. While throwing many of these communications into the wastebasket, Lincoln's secretaries brought a surprisingly large number to his attention, and his annotations show that he studied many of them carefully. Inventors, manufacturers, and influence-peddlers also called in person, some of them bearing explosive devices which by accident might easily have maimed or killed the President. Time and again he arranged for and watched the testing of some new weapon in back of the White House; often he fired an experimental gun, himself. To the Army and Navy ordnance officials he recommended the adoption of weapons he approved. He found a willing counselor and aide in Captain (eventually Admiral) John A. Dahlgren, in command of the Washington Navy Yard, but ran against a resourceful obstructionist in General James W. Ripley, Chief of Army Ordnance. There was something to be said for Ripley: quite understandably, he wished to keep all arms as nearly standardized as possible, and he and others were inclined to consider the President as an easy mark for crackpots and schemers.

Occasionally Lincoln was put upon, yet on the whole his judgments concerning the technology of warfare were sustained by postwar if not wartime history. True, the steam-powered catapult is a forgotten curiosity, as is the forked cannon with its two balls at the ends of a chain which was supposed to mow down the enemy ranks. The "coffee mill" gun, with its hopper for cartridges and its crank for firing them, a weapon that Lincoln named and promoted, figured seldom and unimportantly in battle action. Nevertheless, it prepared the way for the vastly more efficient Gatling gun, which appeared late in the war and became an ancestor of the modern machine gun. The breech-loading repeating rifle, invented before the war but improved in the course of it, was used by only a tiny proportion of the Union soldiers. Most of them had to make do with the muzzle-loader, the ramrod, and the Minié ball. But this was not the fault of the President. He was on the side of the newer weapon and was frustrated by bureaucratic obstructionism in the person of General Ripley.

In telling the story of "Lincoln and the Tools of War" Robert V. Bruce presents, in somewhat anecdotal form, a richly entertaining assortment of men and things. He also makes a valuable contribution to the history of armament. And he really has something new to say about Abraham Lincoln, revealing unsuspected lights and shadows in the character of this endlessly studied, ever enigmatic man.

Builder of the Law

"James Wilson, Founding Father," by Charles Page Smith *(University of North Carolina Press. 426 pp. $7.50), is a biography of one of the principal architects of our Constitution and one of the first Supreme Court justices of the country. J. H. Powell, our reviewer, is the author of "Richard Rush: Republican Diplomat."*

By J. H. Powell

AFTER his father died James Wilson, a promising Scottish youth, resolved to go to America; to do God's work, he said, and to seek his fortune. His mother, brothers, and sisters, and all the good village folk of Caskardy in the Neke of Fife scraped their pockets bare to pay his passage and outfit him for the Pennsylvania wilderness. James Wilson traveled on their loans. He never paid them back.

Neither did he reach the pulpit. Instead, he borrowed more money and followed the law; law led him into that most worldly of callings, nation-building. His extensive learning and his facility for speculative thought intended for theology he devoted to the forms and essences of government. James Wilson is one of the watershed figures in American political thought.

—*Smithsonian Institution.*

James Wilson—"ambitious, self-centered."

He was a leader of the Old Congress before and after Independence, a principal architect of the Federal Constitution and of the constitution of Pennsylvania, founder of a law school, distinguished justice of the Supreme Court, exponent of a new American jurisprudence.

Intellectually he was tough, logical, and vigorous. None other of the Founding Fathers stated so plainly, so clearly as he the idea of the American nation and the idea of the sovereignty of the people, a metaphysical concept in our government particularly his own creations. None other contended more sturdily for national powers and supremacy, for a national system of law. His contemporaries thought him a fine orator and a forceful writer, though plainly his appeal was not in style; instead, it lay in a relentless iteration of principle, a syllogistic austerity, a depth of thoughtful reflection, and a clarity of organization of data. He did not say things brilliantly; he plodded. But he plodded through grand vistas and brave visions; intellectually he was one of the great Americans of a great American generation.

Morally he was one of the little. Venal, ambitious, self-centered, he was wonderfully entrapped in romantic dreams of wealth. When he defended the newly-chartered bank his public and private interests were mixed. When his notes were due he used persuasion that was almost chicanery to extend, rationalize, and enlarge them. Land speculation was a romance that bewitched him, then destroyed him. At the height of his en-

(*Continued on page* 36)

This Is the Place

By Jesse Stuart

THIS is the place that time has long forgot
Where sawbriars mingle with wild-rose and thorn,
High on this ridge, this lone deserted spot
Where men have lived and died where they were born.
No one knows now their little dream and trust,
Their hunger, thirst, desire, toil, love and hate
That have evaporated with their dust.
High, moaning, mountain winds cannot relate
The lives they lived on this high, rugged ground;
Tall trees on land they farmed now have grown here
And bend to these high winds in plaintive sound.
The sleeping sprouts and briars are leafless, sear,
In this hay-yellow light of winter sun;
The perky redbird sings a note of cheer
For life that has been here and lost and won
Where wildrose, sawbriars and tall trees appear.

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The Mysteries of Faith

***"God in Search of Man," by Abraham Heschel** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 429 pp. $5), is a distinguished Jewish scholar's exposition of the thought of "Biblical man." Professor Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary is our reviewer.*

By Reinhold Niebuhr

ABRAHAM HESCHEL, who is a professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, has established himself as a creative interpreter of religious life and thought whose books have had an increasing hearing among both Jews and Christians. His former books, "The Earth Is the Lord's," "The Sabbath," which was a perceptive study of the Biblical view of time, and particularly his great volume "Man Is Not Alone," reveal his rare gifts as poet, mystic, and interpreter of Biblical thought.

This new volume, "God in Search of Man," enhances the gratitude of all readers who sense the authenically religious quality of his mind, in which Biblical thought is blended with the mystic quality of the Hasidic tradition in which he was nurtured. But the volume is first of all an exposition of what Dr. Heschel terms the thought of "Biblical man." He shows what is unique in Biblical thought as distinct from classical mysticism, rationalism, and naturalism. Much of his volume is, therefore, not merely an exposition of the "philosophy of Judaism," but a treatise which will be found illuminating to all who regard Biblical thought as the source of one of the main streams of Western religious life.

Heschel is always conscious of the rational incomprehensibility of the divine mystery. He stands in the prophetic tradition with its warning: "'My ways are not your ways and my thoughts not your thoughts,' saith the Lord." "Awe precedes faith and is at the root of faith," writes Heschel. "We must grow in awe in order to reach faith. Awe rather than faith is the cardinal attitude of the religious Jew." In Biblical language the religious man is not called a believer. "There is only one road to wisdom, which is awe." That is what is meant by the Biblical phrase "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Thus Heschel sharply distinguishes the religious attitude from the scientific and philosophical attitudes which try to explain the world and to analyze its sequences.

The religious attitude is not only awe before mystery, but wonder before the "glory" of the divine. This glory is first of all the glory of the creator. Rationally we may analyze the world of nature, but religiously we sense the glory of creation behind and above the observed phenomenon of the natural world.

But religious faith is more than awe before divine mystery; it is the reaction of trust to the disclosure of a specific meaning in the divine mystery. In the Bible, God is always hidden; but He is also revealed. Heschel has some eloquent words to say about the nature of "revelation" and the response of faith to revelation. His analysis of revelation will make it clear that historic religions do not merely cling to irrational theophanies which a better science and philosophy may dissolve. They are dealing with meanings which transcend the meanings ascertained by an analysis of the structures of the world. They see in some events (for the Jew the supreme event is the revelation on Mount Sinai) a revelatory power which gives meaning to the flux of events in history. Heschel devotes one of his most illuminating chapters to "The Paradox of Sinai."

It is, of course, at the point of revelation, when mystery is changed to specific meaning, that the skeptic who is not in the community of faith will ask his questions. He will ask the question, particularly, how arbitrariness is to be prevented in the ascertainment of the point of meaning. For in the disciplines of science and philosophy every effort is made to prevent arbitrariness by the test of coherence and correspondence to general experience. Heschel proves rather persuasively that all concepts of meaning which emerge from scientific and philosophical pursuits are inadequate for comprehending the mystery of human existence and of human history. But it is clear that religious trust ultimately depends upon a "leap of faith" which can not be induced rationally. In a sense the whole volume is a defense of the Biblical thesis that "whosoever wishes to come to God must believe that He is." That is, the mystery transcending rational intelligibility must be assumed. It can not be proved.

Heschel's volume is genuinely religious in that it seeks to give no rationally compelling arguments for religious faith, but rationally explicates the presuppositions and consequences of such a faith. Naturally, much of what he writes has equal relevance for Christians as well as Jews. But, in the nature of the case, the more specific the interpretations of the meaning of revelation become the more he expounds the "philosophy of Judaism" rather than the general viewpoints of "Biblical man."

An Act of Her Own

By M. Chadbourne

AND THERE it stands, my stranger's work of art:
A sculptured head whose smile within the clay
Haunting as music holds elusive sway
Over the face with something more than heart.
The eyes look in, true to the watch they keep,
The rapt face rests more like a veil between
The mute beholder and the smile half seen—
Almost a smile, that breathes beyond our sleep.

Here is a grief resolved into a form,
Here in the making, childless and alone
Spirit once stood, calm center to our storm.
Shaping this head, she fashioned from her own
Smile that abides, far smile where poems end.
—Through this, my mother fades into my friend.

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Priest in the Land of Lenin

"Moscow Was My Parish," by Georges Bissonette, A. A. *(McGraw-Hill. 273 pp. $3.95), is a report by an Assumptionist priest on two years he spent in the Russian capital as official chaplain to the American Catholics of the foreign colony. Our reviewer, Vice Admiral Leslie C. Stevens, USN (Ret.), served for two years as U.S. Naval attaché in Moscow after World War II.*

By Leslie C. Stevens

FATHER Georges Bissonnette was officially chaplain to the American Catholics of the foreign colony in Moscow from 1953 to 1955. Although his helpful influence extended well beyond this narrow circle he was meticulously careful to abide by the Soviet interpretation of the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement and carefully avoided ministering to Soviet nationals. His expulsion in March 1955 was not accompanied by the usual charges of espionage or sabotage, but was a political act of retaliation in an area where the Soviet Government is notoriously unsympathetic.

The most important aspect of "Moscow Was My Parish," the book that he has written about his experience, is, of course, its analysis of religion in the Soviet Union. Father Bissonnette's findings are that religion is far from dead there and that although the State would like to see it dead it will run no serious risks to achieve this end rapidly. Since religion in Russia is a personalized, almost static attitude toward life, rather than a body of doctrine, the fact that the Church itself may be losing ground does not seem to him to be catastrophic. He wonders if religion can keep from eventually degenerating into superstition if this process is long continued, but derives some comfort from remembering "the miracle of the Japanese Catholics, who kept their faith intact without the help of a priest for over 300 years." He says, however, that "Islam, unlike Christianity, cannot long survive without some kind of political activity, preferably an entire society organized according to its precepts." Some may disagree with Father Bissonnette in his appraisal of Islam, and many feel that even the peasant-like Christianity of Russia is more of a long-term threat to the State than he seems to think; but his analysis is thoughtful and understanding, particularly in its appreciation of the important differences between the Russian's conception of religion and that of the Westerner.

The Assumptionist Father's account of his two years in the Soviet Union has, however, a range of interest far beyond the true status of religion in Russia. Here, from a gentle and tolerant observer who knows the force of understatement, we find a familiar background of bureaucracy, shortages, red tape and duplicity, mean and petty persecution of the individual, police surveillance, and the rewriting of history. We find a fascinating people, often discontented with "socialist competition," but nevertheless deeply indoctrinated in some ways.

Father Bissonnette remarks that he found his impressions of some of the areas he visited were frequently at variance with those of others who had visited the same territory, and he shrewdly attributes this to rapidly varying local government policy. In addition to his journey by automobile to the Black Sea area, which gave him material for a colorful account of a steamer voyage from Sukhumi to Odessa, he made another trip by car to Kharkov and Kiev and still another by airplane, train, and taxi to Central Asia. We have had other recent accounts of Tashkent and Samarkand, but none that I have encountered of Khiva and Bokhara, and I know of no one else who has described for us the primitive places near Alma Ata where Soviet athletes are trained for Olympic skiing and skating.

Some useful sidelights are given on such major problems as agriculture, with an interesting picture of local soil erosion in the Ukraine. Education, insofar as he was able to ascertain, was not of a high order in Central Asia, and the Russian feeling of superiority to many of the other nationalities that go to make up the Union is almost unconsciously disclosed from time to time.

The conclusions that can be drawn from this very readable book are sometimes far from comforting. Three Western clergymen who had long been prisoners in North Korea were shown around Moscow. "Everywhere the three clergymen exclaimed over the shabby finery of the government stores. When I pointed out that they would see much finer things in the West in a few days one of them said, 'This is so much more than we have seen in years that it's almost as if we'd walked from hell right into an earthly paradise.'"

In Moscow itself Father Bissonnette was largely concerned with problems of housekeeping and morale. Although he was only in his early thirties some of his experiences could do good service in a textbook on tact. His unpretentious attitude is, however, indicated by his remark that "the action of a Catholic chaplain on a foreign colony is impossible to assess. Only God and the individual concerned can have any idea of the effect achieved."

"I forgot the message!"

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West Germany's Resurgence

"Return to Power," by Alistair Horne *(Frederick A. Praeger. 415 pp. $6), is a British journalist's analysis of the resurgence of West Germany. Professor Henry L. Bretton of the University of Michigan, our reviewer, wrote "German Democracy at Work."*

By Henry L. Bretton

DESPITE the ominous-sounding title of Alistair Horne's "Return to Power" it is a well-balanced, fascinating report on a new, forward-looking, and sympathetic West Germany. Mr. Horne, for two years Bonn correspondent for *The London Daily Telegraph,* is one of those rare journalists who evidently can rise above the normal "glandular reaction" to the German problem and report on it without fear or favor. Consequently this American edition of the British publication "Back Into Power" may well lay claim to being the first popular discussion of postwar Germany which does not seek to justify either the Allied or the German side of World War II and which one may read from cover to cover without being dashed into the depths of despair over the incorrigible "Hun" or being raised to unbelievable heights of confidence in permanent German respectability.

Even a reader already well acquainted with the basic facts stands to benefit from his analysis. The reader unfamiliar with the story cannot do better than to commence his education with Alistair Horne. He will have unraveled for him some of the most vexatious and intricate problems of Germany's postwar existence, such as reunification, denazification, rearmament, the conceptual bases of the postwar economy, and the vast complex of Allied-German relations from the birth of the European Defense concept to its ignominious defeat and beyond. The story is based throughout on a fair sampling of postwar German literature and of the press.

West Germany's return to power is primarily economic. Analyzing the causes of the so-called "German miracle" Horne agrees in all essential respects with economists like Wallich ("Mainsprings of the German Revival"), but does it in terms more readily comprehensible to the layman. He concedes some miraculous aspects but finds that for the most part it resulted from such mundane measures as Minister Schäffer's fiscal relief steps for industry, Minister Erhard's liberal economic program (the *Sozialwirtschaft*), steel shortages in other parts of Europe, and the confluence of such circumstances as Stalin's clumsiness and American generosity. Most important, West Germany has returned to a relative position of power because her workers work harder, her managers think faster and longer, and her salesmen get up earlier than any other work-force in Europe. There is, of course, another side to this, and Horne hastens to point it out: "Most of the time one admires them deeply for a virtue that seems extinct in one's own country; but sometimes one came close to despising them for their inability to get anything out of life but work. . . . Work seemed to have a semi-religious significance to the Germans."

As Horne sees it the German trade threat—formidable, especially when viewed from the British Isles—basically has no other motivation than the one which has guided British trade expansion for some time; it is primarily a matter of having to pay for ever-increasing food imports. If West German manufacturers seem to conquer markets in the process, Horne cautions the West not to become hysterical. In the main the Germans are merely re-entering old trading outlets lost since the war.

It is unlikely that one can find in any other place than this book so objective a treatment of such delicate and controversial subjects as German-Jewish relations or the attitude among Germans today towards the Nazi regime or, more particularly, towards its meandering heirs and disciples. Nor can one ask for a fairer discussion of the intricate and controversial matter of Franco-German relations. The pages of this book suggest that should the present modest "return to power" be transformed into something more menacing to European, possibly even world, security responsibility for such a disastrous turn of events might have to be assumed by the French, largely because of their refusal to accept the proffered hand of Francophile Adenauer and his once-enthusiastic "Europeans."

Alistair Horne has produced a book that places the German problem in its proper contemporary setting. He sees no imminent danger of Germany becoming engulfed by a resurgent Nazism, but he does recognize the possibility of a Germany frustrated by the West, particularly by France, turning eastward for an alternative solution of her problems. However, if the West is able properly to harness Germany's economic resources and energies on a basis of true equality the "return to power" may turn out to be a blessing in disguise operating in the interest of a more effective free-world partnership.

—*Burck,* in The Chicago Sun-Times.

"Can't We Be Friends, Fräulein?"

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 669

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 669 will be found in the next issue.

QFG MNNMSQXPJQZ

JT MHQGP

KMTQ CZ

AGKJCGSDQJPE.

—TZSXT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 668

Children have more need of models than of critics.

—JOSEPH JOUBERT.

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Il Duce's End

"Mussolini: Twilight and Fall," by Roman Dombrowski *(translated by H. C. Stevens. Roy Publishers. 248 pp. $3.75), is an account of the dramatic last twenty months of Il Duce's life. Professor Michael T. Florinsky of Columbia University reviews it below.*

By Michael T. Florinsky

ROMAN DOMBROWSKI, a Polish journalist familiar with prewar Italy, returned to that country after the war in order to collect information on the closing phase of Mussolini's career. The resulting volume, "Mussolini: Twilight and Fall," covers only some twenty months, from the deposition of Mussolini in July 1943 by the Grand Council of Fascism—an institution whose primary purpose was to assure the continuity of the regime—to April 1945, when Il Duce and his mistress, Clara Petacci, met death at the hands of partisans.

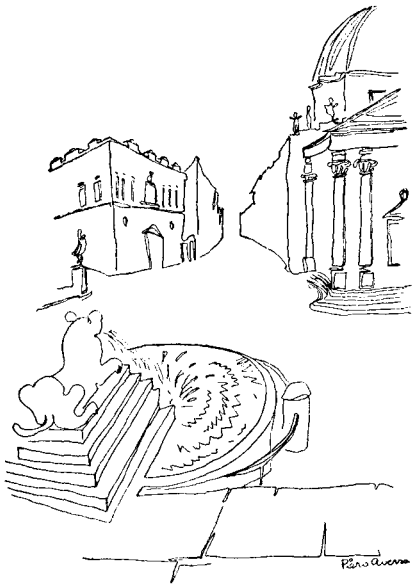
While the broad lines of the events of these tragic and chaotic months are familiar, it is safe to say that much of the revealing information presented by Dombrowski will be new to the majority of his readers. The author notes that his sources are few, highly partisan, and at times hopelessly contradictory. Without encumbering the story with bibliographical references, he identifies carefully the evidence on which he draws, emphasizes its limitations, and avoids unwarranted generalizations. The result is a sober, well-organized, deeply-disturbing, and absorbing book.

The period with which Dombrowski deals is replete with dramatic, indeed almost unbelievable, happenings. Il Duce did not foresee the adverse vote of the Grand Council or his arrest at the end of his last audience with the King. Mussolini's rescue by the Germans from the Hotel Imperatore, his place of detention at Gran Sasso, had the elements of a romantic thriller, one of the few developments of this nature in a war that "was almost completely lacking in romance." It was Mussolini's intention at the time to withdraw into private life, but Hitler's threat to inflict a fearful punishment on Italy caused Il Duce to become head of the Italian Social Republic. The author traces an amazing picture of the futile motions of this phantom government in the strangely incongruous setting of a luxury mountain resort on Lake Garda. Its only act of consequence was the Verona trial, instituted at Hitler's order, which led to the execution of five of the members of the Grand Council, including Mussolini's son-in-law Count Ciano and Marshal De Bono, a leader of the March on Rome. The condemned men showed great composure and courage and spent their last night reading, in the company of two priests, Plato's "Phaedo," which discusses the immortality of the soul.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this extraordinary story is the unfailing devotion to Mussolini of two women—his wife, Rachele, and his mistress, Clara Petacci. In spite of his many infidelities Rachele, a simple soul who shunned publicity and could never get used to servants, remained his faithful companion and to the very end cooked his meals and dutifully followed his orders. The young and beautiful Clara Petacci was ambitious and fond of pleasure, luxury, and power; yet she insisted on joining her elderly lover when he fell into the hands of partisans and shared his fate.

Both Mussolini and Ciano were preoccupied with the verdict of history and assembled vast documentation in the defense of their case. The Ciano diaries were preserved and published but all the other documents, as well as the large treasure which Mussolini carried with him on his last journey, have vanished. It is believed that the treasure found its way into the coffers of the Italian Communist Party.

Dombrowski is concerned, it would seem excessively, with the legality of the executions of April 1945. His conclusion is that "whereas Mussolini's execution can be regarded as an act of revolutionary justice, the shooting of Clara Petacci was common murder." Revolutionary justice, however, is an elusive concept, especially in the midst of chaos such as overcame Italy in the spring of 1945. It might have been better perhaps not to have raised the question at all.



Socialist Land

"Sweden: The Welfare State," by Wilfrid Fleischer *(John Day. 255 pp. $4), reviews the achievements of the Social Democratic government of that country. It is reviewed by Henry Goddard Leach, former editor of* Forum and Century *magazine and honorary president of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.*

By Henry Goddard Leach

IN "SWEDEN: The Welfare State," Wilfrid Fleischer, attached to the American Embassy in Stockholm, enumerates the accomplishments of Sweden's Social Democratic government: "Prenatal care for expectant mothers, an allowance for a child at birth, an annual child subsidy, free dental care for children, free schoolbooks, free school luncheons, protective measure for workers, unemployment insurance, recreation facilities, loans for young married couples to furnish their homes, benefits for families such as reduced rentals, own-home-building loans, free medical and surgical care in hospitals, low-rate out-patient care, pensions for invalids and the disabled, free annual vacations for housewives and children, and old-age pensions. Most of these benefits are available to all."

Yet Sweden is by no means completely socialized. True, the Government does own—besides the post office, as in America—the telephones, the telegraphs, the radio, the tobacco industry, and some of the iron ore and electrical production facilities. It also runs 90 per cent of the railroads. However, 90 per cent of the industry of Sweden is still in private hands.

Nor are the cooperatives, which do about 30 per cent of the nation's business, governmental. Mr. Fleischer happily devotes several chapters to the coops and a biographical sketch of their chief, Albin Johansson. Johansson is an economic idealist who gives a twelve-hour working day on a small salary to one of the world's most successful businesses.

In one respect certainly the quiet revolution in Sweden appears to Mr. Fleischer to be a model for the world. That is prison reform. The Swedish prison is not now an instrument for exacting the revenge of society on the criminal, but a school of training for better citizenship.

The program for a better society in Sweden has been aided by the

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Memo for an Election Year

Editor's Note: *Sixty-eight years ago this month James Russell Lowell, editor, poet, ambassador, interpreter of America to other peoples, spoke before the Reform Club of New York. The country was readying itself for the Presidential nominating conventions, and Mr. Lowell had some pertinent comments to make. The material here is assembled from that talk.*

IN ITS least comprehensive definition, politics is an art which concerns itself about the national housekeeping, about immediate interests and workaday wants, the income and the outgo of the people.

But there is perhaps a higher and wider sense in which politics may fairly be ranked as a science. When it rises to this level we call it statesmanship. The statesman applies himself to the observation and recording of certain causes which lead constantly to certain effects, and is thus able to formulate general laws for the guidance of his own judgment and for the conduct of affairs. He is not so much interested in the devices by which men *may* be influenced as about how they *ought* to be influenced; not so much about how men's passions and prejudices may be utilized for a momentary advantage to himself or his party as about how they may be hindered from doing a permanent harm to the commonwealth. He trains himself to discern evils in their causes that he may forewarn if he cannot prevent, and that he may not be taken unawares by the long bill of damages they are sure to bring in, and always at the least convenient moment. He seeks and finds in the moral world the weather-signs of the actual world. He strives to see and know things as they really are and as they are related to each other. His vision is undeflected by the cross-lights of transitory circumstance, his judgment undisturbed by the clamor of passionate and changeful opinion.

I think there is a growing doubt whether perhaps we are not losing the power to produce such statesmen. The tricks of management are more and more superseding the science of government. How often do we not read in our morning paper that such and such a local politician is dictating the choice of delegates to a nominating convention, or manipulating them after they are chosen? We should not tolerate a packed jury which is to decide on the fate of a single man, yet we are content to leave the life of the nation at the mercy of a packed convention.

Parties refuse to see or, if they see, to look into vicious methods which help them to a majority, and each is thus estopped from sincere protest against the same methods when employed by the other. If parties will not look after their own drainage and ventilation there must be people who will do it for them, who will cry out without ceasing till their fellow citizens are aroused to the danger of infection.

Under every form of representative government parties become necessary for the marshalling and expression of opinion. When parties are once formed those questions the discussion of which would discipline and fortify men's minds tend more and more to pass out of sight, and the topics that interest their prejudices and passions to become more absorbing. What will be of immediate advantage to the party is the first thing considered, what of permanent advantage to their country the last. I refer especially to neither of the great parties which divide the country. I am treating a question of natural history.

PARTIES being necessary things, it follows, of course, that there must be politicians to manage and leaders to represent and symbolize them. The desire of man to see his wishes, his prejudices, his aspirations summed up and personified in a single representative has the permanence of an instinct. Few escape it, few are conscious of its controlling influence. The danger always is that loyalty to the man shall insensibly replace loyalty to the thing he is supposed to represent, till at last the question of *what* he represents fades wholly out of mind. The love of victory as a good in itself is also a powerful ingredient in the temperament of most men.

If the politicians must look after the parties there should be somebody to look after the politicians; somebody to ask disagreeable questions and to utter uncomfortable truths; somebody to make sure if possible before election not only what, but whom the candidate if elected is going to represent. What to me is the saddest feature of our present methods is the pitfalls which they dig in the path of ambitious and able men who feel that they are fitted for a political career, that by character and training they could be of service to their country, yet who find every avenue closed to them unless at the sacrifice of the very independence which gives them a claim to what they seek. It has been proved, I think, that the old parties are not to be reformed from within. It is from without that the attempt must be made, and it is the Independents who must make it. If the attempt should fail the failure of the experiment of democracy would inevitably follow.

What we want is an active class who will insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, or bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose very name shall call out all that is best within us.

—James Russell Lowell.
[*April 13, 1888*]

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AN AUTHOR'S CHARGE

FOUR YEARS AGO *The Saturday Review* ran such a distorted review of one of my books that it prompted a reader, who had not read the book, in effect to accuse me of treason. *The Saturday Review* printed his letter and refused to print my answer. Once again, *The Saturday Review* has opened its pages to what purports to be a review of a book but is merely an unabashed attempt at character assassination.

In *SR* Mar. 24 Jack Steele launches a diatribe against me and my new book, "Nixon," which demonstrates that the right to dissent is confined in certain quarters to a select few—and that those favored are granted license which stops just a hairline short of libel. Indeed, if I had the means I would welcome the opportunity to put this technique to the test of court action.

It is traditional for the recipient of a hostile review to accuse the reviewer of not having read his book. I will go beyond that charge and state categorically: If Mr. Steele read beyond the first page of the preface to "Nixon" he has deliberately falsified the nature and contents of the book for political or personal reasons.

Mr. Steele says: "In his preface to 'Nixon' [Ralph de Toledanō] relates that he originally intended to write [a chapter] to analyze the 'systematic falsification' of the Nixon record." And his review winds up: "It may be just as well that Mr. de Toledano has not tried to analyze" the falsifications about Mr. Nixon.

Had Mr. Steele turned the first page of the preface, a page which ends with the words "falsification of the Nixon record," he would have found that the sentence continues, "*by such publications as* The New Republic *and* The New York Post." [Emphasis added.] Or did Mr. Steele turn the page and find that the impression created by the bowdlerized sentence was better suited to his purpose? For, as I set out to do, the book is in large part a detailed analysis and exposure of the deliberate falsifications of the Nixon record by the abovementioned periodicals as well as others—although no single chapter is devoted exclusively to the excesses of the passionately anti-Nixon press.

Even William S. White, in an unfriendly review for *The New York Times*, concedes that the book raises "a substantial question as to whether Mr. Nixon has been altogether fairly dealt with by his critics." And Walter Karig, no admirer of Toledano, in *The Washington Post*, no admirer of Mr. Nixon: "But the book is *too nearly comprehensive*, the man it describes too important, to dismiss the work as a mere campaign document. It is a *minute* but unashamedly partisan *analysis* of one, whom, by fate's decree, no one can consider neutrally." (Emphasis added.)

It is Mr. Steele's right to dismiss my book as a "campaign biography." But what of his deliberate falsehood, calculated to discredit even further, that it was so "publicized in advance." The advance publicity on my book stated the exact opposite. True, it has been so characterized by both friendly and unfriendly reviewers. But John K. Hutchens in *The New York Herald Tribune* was both scholar enough to know and fair enough to mention that in his opinion I was "following along in a timehonored American political tradition—Nathaniel Hawthorne did as much for Franklin Pierce, William Dean Howells for Abraham Lincoln." Which is good enough company for me.

What company does Mr. Steele put me in? His primary objection to me and all my works is stated when he says: "For want of a better word he might be classified as a 'doctrinaire' and 'professional' anti-Communist." And he adds with no visible relevance but with obvious intent: "Last year he accused some bookstores of refusing to sell his anti-Communist novel, 'Day of Reckoning'."

To dispose of that dead cat first, I did not merely accuse but thoroughly documented with names, dates, witnesses, and places that certain stores were refusing to handle or sell my novel, in continuation of the anti-anti-Communist bookburning which has never seemed to concern the "civil libertarian" *Saturday Review*.

But once and for all I would like to expose the origin and nature of that "professional anti-Communist" tag. It was first used against me by *The Daily Worker* (sit down, Mr. Steele, I'm not calling you a Communist) and given further currency by the Democratic majority of the Tydings Committee under Congressional immunity. These were political acts committed by political enemies under whose skin I had gotten. The tag was intended to create the illusion that there was a venal basis to my personal commitment against Communism, and so compromise my effectiveness. When *The Christian Science Monitor*, in quoting the Democratic majority, inadvertently gave the impression that it subscribed to the designation, it apologized editorially.

What is Mr. Steele's purpose in mouthing it now? And would he use it to characterize our mutual friend and his colleague in the Scripps-Howard organization, Frederick Woltman? Mr. Woltman has fought and exposed the Communists with no less devotion, no different means, and for no less a time than I have. And where does this leave his employers, who have encouraged Fred Woltman in his anti-Communist activities?

There are other falsehoods and innuendoes in Mr. Steele's review which might do with some analyzing, or psychoanalyzing, but I have no desire to belabor the point. I do insist, however, in view of the space given to Mr. Steele's *ad hominem* attack, that *The Saturday Review* print my reply this time—and in full.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO.
Newsweek *magazine*.
New York, N. Y.

"Suppose there were two billion whooping cranes and only twenty-eight of us—would *they* care?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Steele, Washington correspondent of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, has sent the following reply to Mr. de Toledano's letter:*

"Anyone who bothers to wade through Mr. de Toledano's letter will, I am sure, have a better understanding of my reaction to his book—which unfortunately, I did read."

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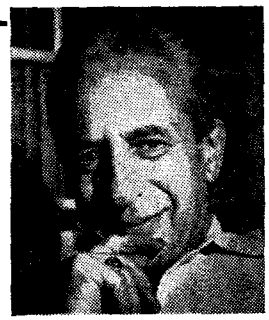

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Be They Ever So Clever . . .

IVAN TURGENEV'S **"A Month in the Country"** is bound to remind us of Chekhov, although Chekhov scorned Turgenev's literary fastidiousness and found his delineation of all women (except mothers) "intolerable because of their artificiality and falsity." But by stressing the points in the play that resemble Chekhov at his merriest this production of "A Month in the Country" becomes as entertaining as the Fourth Street "Uncle Vanya." In his adaptation Emlyn Williams has augmented the cynicism and humor of the placid original. And Michael Redgrave has directed it intelligently, with an eye to demonstrating the absurdity of the characters' behavior; he virtually ignores Stanislavski's definition of it as a play written "on the most delicate curves of love experience." Thus, we become less interested in the emotional problem of Natalya, who, like Hedda Gabler, is loved by a kindly insensitive husband as well as a sophisticated friend, but who in turn loves a fiery young scholar, than we are in the picture of a society encouraging frustration and ineffectuality. As one character puts it in a line that is more Williams than Turgenev, "With these clever ones the whole thing gushes away down a waste-pipe of talk."

This view is reinforced by Uta Hagen's highly intelligent if somewhat monotonous performance as Natalya. Miss Hagen is at her best in the ironic scene where she questions the seventeen-year-old ward about her infatuation with the handsome young tutor. Her frustration at getting nowhere in her questioning is much more convincing than her frustration in love. In fact, we scarcely feel any attraction between Natalya and the tutor, and so we are tempted to assume that her love for him is a mere romantic notion on the part of a self-centered woman, a reaction to the boredom of country life.

Likewise, Alexander Scourby's Rakitin conveys an appropriate surface dispassionateness, but doesn't light up with those sublimated bursts of inner fire that can come when a man in love must continually force back expression of his true feelings. The best performances are by some of the less important characters. Luther Adler's cynical doctor, the showiest role in the play, is a comic *tour de force* played with much-relished bluntness. He performs the bit with the dull but stable suitor (Mr. Williams cannot resist adding, "He's more than stable, he's immovable") like a Weber and Fields routine. And his eye-cocking beard-pulling proposal to the governess (compare with Congreve's Millamant-Mirabell classic) is the most memorable scene in the whole production. Ann Hennessy plays foil to his antics perfectly. Her startled look as the doctor says, "I take it that after fifteen years the first carefree rapture of being a governess is wearing off," tells volumes. Michael Strong's husband is a fine three-dimensional piece of work. We believe completely in his good-hearted provincial naïveté while we laugh at it. Mary Morris, looking like a tired spaniel, is ludicrously funny as his dogged and obtuse mother. And Olga Bielinska and Al Hedison play the young girl and her tutor with youthful simplicity.

That British director Michael Redgrave has been able to steer a vigorous American cast through Turgenev's antique china-shop without breaking the cups is a small miracle, though there are times when one longs for the cup-shattering music a Peggy Ashcroft and a John Gielgud might bring to it. Klaus Holm's *soupçon* of scenery and Alvin Colt's period costumes have a refined grace and lightness that help the play enormously. And "A Month in the Country," for all its beautiful construction and its timelessness, is the kind of play that needs help to hold a Broadway audience through action that often threatens to become as sleepy as the rustic life of its characters. —HENRY HEWES.

Mid-Autumn Evening

By Othelia Lilly

ONE evening when I took a stroll
I heard the trees unwind and roll,
And all their leaves were lips of fire,
Long fuses to an Easter choir
Of blossoms dynamiting through
Like fireworks on the avenue.
Never before had spring returned
To burst in me while autumn burned.
I felt this flaming exaltation
Touched by the match of Revelation.

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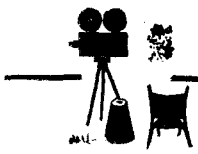

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

French Silks and Gray Flannels

THERE is a wistful moment in Jean Renoir's sumptuous production of **"French CanCan"** when the wealthy Prince Alexander realizes he can never marry the charming ex-laundress Nini, the "queen of the Can-Can," and must soon leave Paris. The two go on a tour of the city's night-life of the 1890s—La Goulue, Patachou, and all the rest of that fabulous throng immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. Then, at the end of the evening on a street in Montmartre, the Prince tries to persuade himself that this gay, scintillating, lovely Paris will always remain. Certainly, as long as "French-CanCan" is on the screen Renoir succeeds in persuading his audience that it does still live, if only in the heart and the imagination of the film maker himself. Though billed as "a musical comedy" it is more truly a nostalgic *récherche du temps perdu*, the evocation of an era when the colors of Paris were fresh and all hearts were dancing.

As is always the case with Renoir, it is a very personal film, somewhat shapeless, somewhat loose in story line, but filled with scenes and types and incidents that obviously appealed to him strongly. He seems to be concerned far less with either story or character development than with the atmosphere and spirit of the city that he loves. What little plot there is revolves about the efforts of Jean Gabin, the operator of a fashionable cabaret, to open the Moulin Rouge in Montmartre. He plans to offer there "a taste of high life for small purses"—and to revive the spirited French CanCan, a dance that had fallen into disrepute. Gabin uses his wiles and his women (including Maria Felix and vivacious Françoise Arnoul) to coax the necessary cash from his aristocratic friends, raids the Montmartre launderies and bakeries for his dancers.

Around this slender theme swirl the fashionable crowds, the fancy ladies, the placid bourgeoisie, the Montmartre pickpockets and baker boys, street vendors and street singers of the period, all drawn together by the construction of the Moulin Rouge. Renoir sets down their varying reactions with considerable amusement, particularly during the formal dedication of the incompleted structure that begins with stately Gallic pomp and soon degenerates into an equally Gallic free-for-all. But he seems happiest when he can show his people dancing—a popular *quadrille* in a Montmartre bistro, the spirited practice sessions in a Degas-like dance studio, or, in the red and pink Moulin Rouge, the final, exuberant CanCan that literally explodes upon the screen from all directions. Georges Van Parys has prepared a gorgeous, lilting score for the girls to dance to; and cameraman Michael Kelber's color work fully conveys the director's sensual pleasure in his settings, costumes, and girls. Like the dance itself, "French-CanCan" is a gay, colorful, high-spirited piece.

* * *

Nunnally Johnson has adapted the screen version of Sloan Wilson's **"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit"** not only with fidelity to the original but with considerable dexterity as well. It is no mean feat to compress the book's many characters and incidents into a film—not even a film that runs for more than two and a half hours. If some of the early flashbacks to the war seem unduly protracted (the New Haven must have been running slow again!) their importance and necessity in creating an understanding of Tom Rath, the public-relations man on his way up, becomes clear before the picture is over. Johnston's script is intelligent, sensitive to relationships, bright with words. It is not altogether his fault that Rath emerges as a Madison Avenue version of Job, or that the conflict between career, conscience, and family—with an illegitimate child from a wartime romance thrown in for good measure—at times comes perilously close to seeming like a high-class soap opera. These all derive from Mr. Wilson's popular novel, and considering its position on the best-seller lists Mr. Johnson would have been nothing short of foolhardy to tamper with them. As a director, however, Johnson falls short of the demands his own script have placed upon him. Working with an unusually fine cast, he permits Jennifer Jones and Ann Harding to overplay their lines and draws merely competent performances from Gregory Peck, Lee J. Cobb, Keenan Wynn, and Arthur O'Connell. Only Fredric March as the aging radio tycoon and Marisa Pavan, seen briefly in a wartime flashback, give a strong, personal modeling to their roles. The result is a film that is intelligent and able, but lacking in sufficient dramatic fire to sustain an entire two hours and a half.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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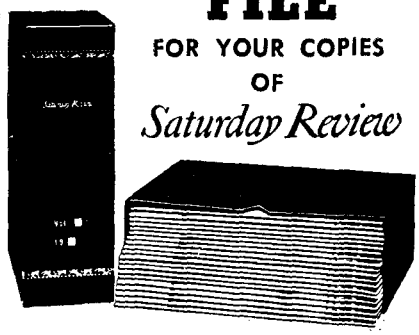

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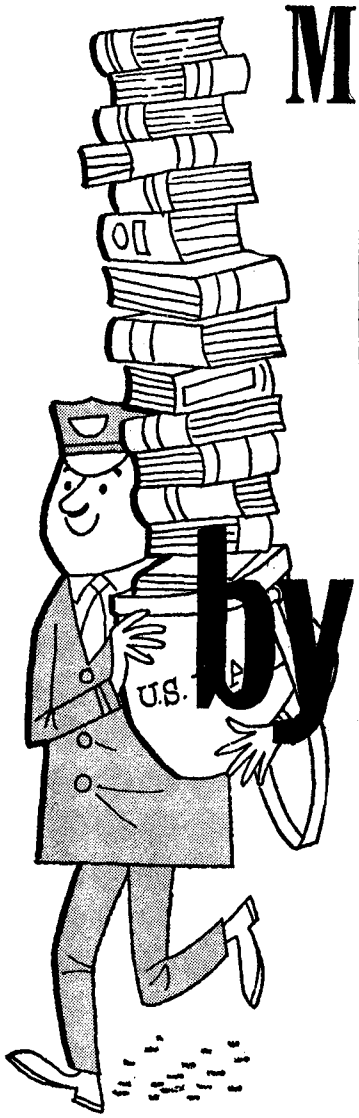

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

TV's "Joan," Firkusny, Rostropovich

HOWEVER it may have sounded in the studio or looked on color TV, the NBC-TV Opera Theatre's production of Norman dello Joio's "The Trial at Rouen" suffered, on the two black-and-white sets in my house, from pernicious anemia of the audio circuit. Inasmuch as the whole basis of this elaborate hour-and-a-half production is the musical score directed by Peter Herman Adler and admirably performed by Elaine Malbin, Hugh Thompson, and Chester Watson, among others, the shortcoming was a rather fundamental one.

All sorts of factors might be held responsible, but it sounded to me as though the performance, in a very large studio, was being picked up by microphones too remote for any single element to be consistently audible. Now and then in a solo passage Thompson as Cauchon, or Miss Malbin as Joan, had a clear "shot" at the microphone, but in the ensembles or where the orchestra was a considerable factor it was all much too pulled-back and withdrawn.

In the earlier, preparatory scene between Joan and the priest Dello Joio projected a strong sense of atmosphere, of characterization and musical flow. It didn't seem to me as sustained in the trial scene, though whenever the emphasis reverted to Joan the quality of the utterance picked up. On the whole, despite these incidental fluctuations, it struck me as an evidence of a superior talent with a strong gift for vocal writing. The composer was fortunate in the visual as well as the vocal qualities of Miss Malbin and Thompson, the latter in particular showing that his resources have continued to grow despite the unfortunately extended time in which he has been absent from the Metropolitan Opera, where he certainly belongs. I thought the setting for the trial scene unduly stylized, but the production otherwise was a decidedly creditable one for producer Samuel Chotzinoff and his able associates.

Guido Cantelli's strong sympathy for the contemporary repertory provided a major support for his final programs this season with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Apparently temporal factors are of deeper fundamental importance than nationalistic ones, for his delivery of Hindemith's "Concert Music for Strings and Brass" (an Op. 50 dating from 1930) was marked by a strong sense of appropriate color, fine dynamic contrasts, and a steady sense of where the musical continuity in this score reposes. By and large it is more grating than ingratiating music, but Cantelli's effort was an impressive one.

Also of stature was the surehanded, warmhearted playing of the solo part of the Brahms D minor Piano concerto (No. 1) by Rudolf Firkusny. This is a lucid, well-formed conception which rises to the bruising climaxes of sound required with a power one had not previously credited Firkusny with possessing. He played the slow movement so well that, it might be noticed, even the non-performing members of the orchestra were listening. Higher praise hath no solo performance. Cantelli began with a generally animated, well-phrased performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 88, the favorite G major.

Mtsislav Rostropovich, latest of Soviet musicians to come our way, is in able command of his instrument (the cello) and a musician of quality. But his introductory appearance in Carnegie Hall left him well short of the top accomplishments achieved by his predecessors (Emil Gilels and David Oistrakh). At most, in his suave, surefingered presentation of the Brahms E minor sonata, with Alexandre Dedukhin, Rostropovich produced a sound of vibrant richness, sensitively manipulated. At least, in some upper register string crossings in the unaccompanied D major suite of Bach, Rostropovich was wanting in security, with a more than casual number of off-center notes.

Still short of thirty, Rostropovich is no such seasoned virtuoso as either predecessor, but neither does he suggest like possibilities as a personality. The Brahms was too withdrawn and diffident for best service to a work already overburdened with introspection, the Bach methodically but rather mechanically performed.

The first Tuesday in April offered a one-man musical show in the city's principal places of performance. The range was from the C major Mozart of "Cosi" in the Metropolitan to the C minor Mozart of the Mass (K. 427) in a Carnegie Hall performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra, a solo quartet, the Temple University Choirs, and Eugene Ormandy. The Met's final "Cosi" for the season was good in a mostly familiar way, though the considerable upward swing of Lorenzo Alvary's Alfonso is worth noting. Fritz Stiedry conducted.

Moving from the zest and worldly revels of "Cosi" to the reflection and other worldliness of the Mass in the time it takes to taxi up Seventh Avenue is perhaps as good a way as any to measure the span of Mozart's genius. Ormandy's conception of the work was spacious, earfilling, and musically valid, the orchestral execution of a rarefied sort. Maria Stader's soaring soprano voice, especially in "Et Incarnatus est," gave her equality of instrumental status with the flutes and oboes behind her. Her associates—Jennie Tourel, Rudolf Petrak, and Donald Gramm—doubtless put forth as much effort, but with hardly such happy results.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

NOTHING Walter Gieseking performed at his only New York recital this season in Carnegie Hall recently was devoid of interest or stimulation except, possibly, Alfredo Casella's "Sonatina." Anyone could have written it, and practically everybody has. One was surprised, however, to encounter it in the repertory of an artist of Gieseking's culture.

What was more bothersome was the manner in which Gieseking dealt with the sentiments of such a masterpiece as Beethoven's Op. 31, No. 3. The very first motive of the sonata, over which Liszt once wrote "Liebst du mich?" for a pupil who misunderstood its appealing lyricism, emerged with a force almost violent. I missed clarity in the Scherzo, expressivity in the Minuetto, and true gaiety in the Presto. For that matter, the Chopin "Barcarolle" is not quite Gieseking's piece, either. This poetic and impressionistic dream was played as a bombastic showpiece. Perhaps Mr. Gieseking felt the need to play something "effective" at this point, for the Barcarolle followed four quiet works, three Mendelssohn "Songs Without Words" and Schubert's G flat Impromptu No. 90. All of them showed his great gift for simple song, for beautiful tone.

It was, finally, Ravel's "Gaspard de la nuit" which elicited the pianist's fullest powers. He played the three intricate poems with a blend of compelling force and ethereal delicacy, a variety of touch and luxuriance of sonority, and the imaginative insight which only a master can summon. Here, finally, he provided a complete musical experience, the kind one expects from a Gieseking.

—ABRAM CHASINS.

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What Are We Doing to Our Heroes?

Continued from page 10

ferences is the preponderance of characters who are so patently unheroic. What reader can, for example, cotton to the moral convict Clyde Griffiths; the street-corner bum Studs Lonigan; the deeply corrupted Jason Compson; the pathetic *boobus Americanus* George Babbitt? In nineteenth-century fiction the hero might be a mudcat like Huck or a backwoodsman like Natty Bumppo, but he still had distinction. The protagonists in modern fiction are more often pathetic.

The tragic consequences in "An American Tragedy" are produced by what Clyde Griffiths brings upon himself through dalliance, subterfuge, confused thinking, moral complicity, but his values lie within the scheme of American society. Clyde is a moral convict, but the code of values which Clyde's family provides is entirely inadequate and remote from the realities of experience, and society offers him only the lures of prestige, wealth, and success as interpreted by itself. Clyde, like many other Americans, is equipped neither with critical intelligence to distinguish the real from the illusory, nor with moral courage to reject and expose the illusory. Reality not only shapes him; it victimizes him, and American society in the name of reality sloughs him off like dead skin when he gets involved in the death of the seduced girl.

Similarly, in "U.S.A." there is neither conventional tragedy nor conventional heroes. "U.S.A." is the record of an epoch, and it shows how the epoch got the way it did, molding and shaping and frustrating characters like Dos Passos's Daughter and Ben Compton. They were not strong enough to master it, *but why they were not strong enough is not wholly accounted for.* And right here we have the nub of our problem. Either the modern hero is metamorphosed into an ersatz hero; that is to say, a situation arises in which the society takes the place which the hero formerly held or, as in Thomas Wolfe, the hero is transformed into an autobiographical spokesman and the story becomes a sublimated pilgrim's progress not toward the City of Salvation but in search of the Father, an image of "a strength and wisdom external to his [the alias hero's] need and superior to his hunger, to which the belief and power of his own life could be united."

The declining role of the hero in fiction is symptomatic of an analyzable phenomenon. Corrado Alvaro recognized in the nineteenth century moral, religious, and civic values which, as he says, "were more or less valid for all." The framework of society was staunch and the values "undisputed." Alvaro cites such different novels as "Madame Bovary," "Anna Karenina," and "Lord Jim" in which the same basic theme is to be seen: "the struggle of the protagonist with daily life, a struggle in which at a certain point he finds he is infringing on preestablished laws." Where are the preestablished laws today, where are the certainties, where are the absolutes?

LET us examine a metamorphosed hero—no less than Santiago in "The Old Man and the Sea." When an interviewer asked a VIP what he thought of the book, "Why," said he, "would anybody be interested in some old man who was a failure and never amounted to anything anyway?" Isn't there, however, something more implied in this repudiative statement than the deprecation of Santiago? One recalls, by way of rebuttal to the VIP, Robinson's explanation when asked why he wrote about wastrels and misfits who struggled and failed rather than about people who succeeded. "There is more there to write about," the poet explained simply. A similar motive may or may not have generated Hemingway's impulse. But a failure on one plane is not necessarily one on another. What redeems the apparent futility of Santiago's lonely struggle—the winner-take-nothing aspect—is the invincibility of the old man's stoicism. There is capitulation neither to the fish, during the chase and fight, nor to his enemies the sharks.

Santiago's answer to defeat is acceptance of life on his own terms. "His [the marlin's] choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people." And so Santiago pays his scot; he knows the nature of his mistake. In a sense his story is one of limits—physical ("'I went out too far'"), and metaphysical ("A man can be destroyed but not defeated.") Santiago is a man without *hubris* who in his humility comes to respect the inhabitable world to which his nature and destiny are inextricably bound. Let it be known, then, that it is not only a world where fourteen-year-old boys meet their crises on rafts, but also a world where old men fish alone in the sea and catch what has never before been caught so large and from

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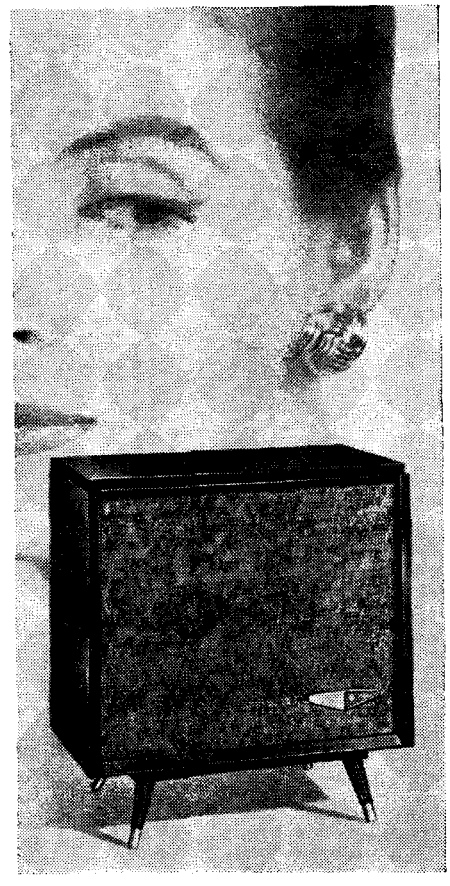

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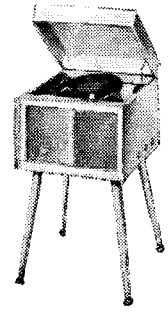

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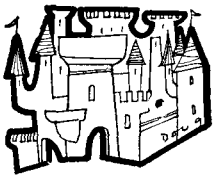
whom the sharks take all, all but the skeleton, as luck runs out—the winner, brother of the sea, taking nothing and keeping only the courage of the heart. The token of Santiago's humility is reverence for the world of nature and human companionship. The sum of the experience is self-knowledge. It is significant that if the winner takes nothing tangible at least nothing important has been taken from him. He is not demoralized or unmanned; he has gone out and he has met life on his own terms.

The chief difference between the nineteenth-century and the metamorphosed "hero" is perspective. The earlier conventional heroes either succeeded famously like Henry Fleming after struggles or they failed like Silas Lapham after struggles. They were like prefects of our daily conduct or apostles of light in the dark world of the common struggle. Though they might not succeed their failure was atoned for by courage and enterprise; they "held the line." When Lapham is defeated what sustains him is a moral code. Only in the world of business is he technically defeated. In the moral world he is an inspiring success.

Santiago's situation is different. He does not have an important place in the hierarchy of the business world. He is an old fisherman, yet very much a man, still strong physically and morally courageous. But, like Lapham, he is also competing in an economic world. But Santiago is not beaten by the system; his luck runs out; it runs back again. Then he goes out too far.

Another characteristic identifies the metamorphosed hero. The moral code under which Lapham operates is well known to all Americans. Benjamin Franklin summed it up succinctly when, in his Autobiography, he exalted industry as "a means of obtaining wealth and distinction." Although he did not himself exalt either the means or the objective the tendency since his day has been to do so. Santiago as a Catholic is not religious. He says his prayers mechanically and he leaves all the more technical matters of sin and salvation to the people who are, as he says, "paid to do it." He did not kill the fish "only to keep alive and to sell for food"; he killed "for pride and because [he was] a fisherman." He is glad, reflectively, that he does not have "to try to kill the stars"; it suffices "to live on the sea and kill our true brothers." He is willing to acknowledge his obligations and responsibilities. He works these things out himself and in this respect he is closer to Huck Finn than to Silas Lapham. Perhaps we could say that Santiago—and, by extension, the contemporary "hero"—is one who makes his own moral code in the present age of relativism. Each "hero," to alter the figure, becomes "an island of order." If, as Emerson says, "Each age must write its own books," it is apparent that society in each age subtly changes the specifications and aspects of heroes. In our almost heroless fiction we find significantly the record and portrait of our age of little men bereft of everything but confusion and relativism, uncritically believing all too often in nothing except that which can be, in Randall Jarrell's words, "bought, sold, [or] imagined on Sunset Boulevard or on Times Square."



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A PASSEL OF CASTLES

Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, offers a superior line of real estate, moated and unmoated (purchasers to supply own portcullises), all housing developments being titles of novels or other literary constructions. He asks you to assign the correct authors to these titles. Fewer than eight identifications should be held ungood, eight through ten competent, eleven or twelve excellent. Blue-prints on page 34.

1. "Axel's Castle" ( ) Ludwig Bemelmans
2. "Blandings Castle" ( ) A. J. Cronin
3. "The Castle" ( ) Maria Edgeworth
4. "Castle Dangerous" ( ) R. C. Hutchinson
5. "The Castle of Indolence" ( ) Franz Kafka
6. "Castle Number Nine" ( ) Robert Lowell
7. "The Castle of Otranto" ( ) Thomas Love Peacock
8. "Castle Rackrent" ( ) Sir Walter Scott
9. "Crotchet Castle" ( ) James Thomson
10. "Elephant and Castle" ( ) Horace Walpole
11. "Hatter's Castle" ( ) Edmund Wilson
12. "Lord Weary's Castle" ( ) P. G. Wodehouse

Fiction

Continued from page 13

talent here not to say it. "The Heel of Spring" will be overpraised by reviewers who expect no more of Mr. Rooney and who will therefore squeeze out the necessary room for satisfaction. But Mr. Rooney is capable of much more.

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES: William Manners, author of **"You Call That a House?"** (John Day, $3.50), lives in "a solar house of contemporary design," according to the information on the book jacket. It must be a particularly isolated solar house, because Mr. Manners's novel is all about the tribulations of a young couple named Tyler who allegedly flout convention by building a "contemporary house" in a Connecticut commuterville. These days, when the littlest child in exurbia can tell you the birthdate of Mies van der Rohe, it is hard to regard the Tylers' problem as very real, but there it is. Hardly do they move into their glass-walled dream cottage (designed by their architect on the basis of a thumbnail psychoanalysis) than the residents of the neo-Colonial environs haul the visionaries into court for violating the building code. There then ensues an architectural Monkey Trial, in which the neo-Colonials play the role of baffled bumpkins. The young folks' architect gives the assembled clods a lecture that leaves them slack-jawed with awe. It is his powerful thesis that a preference for traditional forms is sheer "sentimentality and ostentation for adjustment purposes," on a par with thumb sucking. The expert witness for the prosecution, on the other hand, is a wool-gathering ancient who mutters furtively about charm and gracefulness, visible evidence of his faulty adjustment.

One looks in vain for a clue that Mr. Manners is amused by the gaucheries he describes, but, alas, the tone of his book is as earnest as the demeanor of his modern architect, who surrounds his trade with the kind of mystique usually associated with natural childbirth and who thinks that a sense of history is "a surface need" that can be satisfied by reading historical novels. —MARTIN LEVIN.

GALLIC PARADISE: Gabriel Chevallier, who first described the doings of a mythical French hamlet some twenty years ago ("The Scandals of Clochemerle"), now has a delightful sequel in **"The Wicked Village"** (translated by Edward Hyams; Simon & Schuster, $3.95), which continues the chronicle

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into the early Thirties. Tucked away in a valley in the Beaujolais, Chevallier's Clochemerle is a bit of Gallic paradise where the twin preoccupations are viniculture and bottom-pinching. To the accompaniment, *naturellement,* of winebibbing. This wine of Clochemerle is at once light-bodied and potent, producing in the drinker "an enchanting lightheartedness" without the usual malignant aftermath, and the Clochemerlins themselves share the expansive nature of their product.

In the 1930s "the baying clamor" of modernity catches up with the isolated village; the electric light, the motor car, the movies, *le jazz hot,* mass-produced wines, "the unrest of new times" . . . all have their impact on the town. M. Chevallier annotates the collision of Clochemerle and Progress with a cynical and tolerant eye, putting together a series of loosely connected vignettes to illustrate the changing temper. Actually, there is not too much change, though Mme. Fouache, the local tobacconist and oracle, sees the village as a new "Babylon." True the town now has unemployed (one), a restaurant listed as excellent in the "Guide Michelin," and a record number of unmarried mothers (at least five). But most of the citizenry remain unspoiled by these social advances. It is the author's heartening thesis that in Clochemerle winegrowing and rump-squeezing are perennial, "progress or no progress." To which the reviewer can only raise a glass of an inadequate little quasi-Burgundy in a hopeful toast. —MARTIN LEVIN.

ALSO NOTED: "An End to Dying," by Sam Astrachan (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), is a somber family chronicle about the Kagans and Stars. Narrator Sam Star valiantly attempts to hold the patchwork of scenes together with a toneless commentary as he moves through four decades and three countries—Russia, France, and America—sketching Jewish life in the Old World and the New. Out of a confusing mixture of clannish anecdotes and caricatured reality emerge a number of character-portraits which suggest that twenty-one-year-old first-novelist Astrachan bears watching.

"The Valley of God," by Irene Patai (Random House, $3.95), concentrates on the sensual adventures of the prophet Hosea's wife Gomer, who abandons herself to the God Tammuz in a mock-pagan wedding while her husband ironically rails against the foreign rituals adopted by some Israelites. Mrs. Patai has lacquered Biblical lore with an ornate fictional veneer. —S. P. MANSTEN.

The World

Continued from page 21

good fortune of that land—its stimulating climate and its rich natural resources of forests and iron. But the expense of social welfare is more than the budget for military defense. To pay for it the Swedes are heavily taxed. Public welfare does produce a feeling of contentment, but it sometimes develops into boredom with life and a lack of personal initiative. Some Swedes believe that public welfare is doing enough for the present.

Indeed, the ambition of Swedish socialists has changed with the experience of their years of responsibility. In 1886 Hjalmar Branting "urged the workers to organize a political party to press for labor reform by a peaceful remodeling of society." In 1952 Premier Erlanger told Mr. Fleischer: "Some things have been set aside. We have not been interested in nationalization for its own sake, but only to obtain very concrete and substantial objectives."

Mr. Fleischer does not let his enthusiasm overlook shortcomings in the Swedish system. For example, some of the hospitals and homes for the aged are overcrowded, as, for that matter, are thousands of private homes. Some flaws Mr. Fleischer has omitted. For example, unskilled workmen often receive greater wages than craftsmen who have years of training. Owing to income-tax laws lovers sometimes find it cheaper to live apart instead of in legal matrimony. Professional men stop work at noon lest the tax on additional income be more than their families can afford. And industrialists are taxed on their capital as well as their income, so that the total tax can be more than their income for the year.

In Sweden a member of a labor union is obliged to vote the Social Democratic ticket, whatever his personal political beliefs. This may be one reason that so many Swedes express no definite opinion about the conduct of foreign affairs.

Mr. Fleischer has given us an admirable account of conservative Sweden's conversion into a really model modern state.

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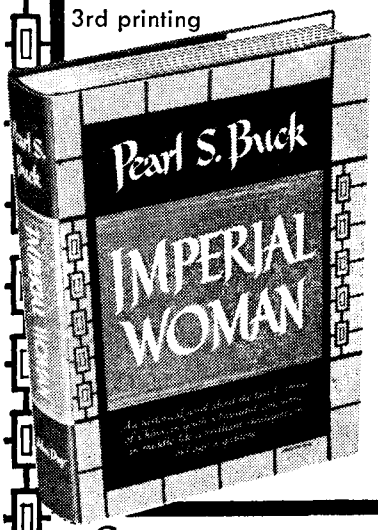

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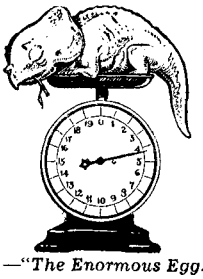
Books for Young People



—"The Enormous Egg."

EACH year the selection of the Caldecott and Newbery award winners is awaited eagerly in the world of children's books. On March 5 in the office of Frederic G. Melcher, donor of the awards, the 1955 winners were announced. The nineteenth Caldecott award was presented to Feodor Rojankovsky for his "Frog Went A-Courtin'" (Harcourt, Brace) and the thirty-fifth Newbery award was presented to Jean Lee Latham for her "Carry On, Mr. Bowditch" (Houghton Mifflin). Runners-up for the Caldecott award were: Marie Hall Ets for "Play with Me" (Viking) and Taro Yashima for "Crow Boy" (Viking). Runners-up for the Newbery award were: Marjorie K. Rawlings for "The Secret River" (Scribner), Katherine B. Shippen for "Men, Microscopes, and Living Things" (Viking), and Jennie Lindquist for "Golden Name Day" (Harper).

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, Storytelling Specialist, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Julia Brody, Bronx Regional Children's Specialist, The New York Public Library; Ruth Gagliardo, Director, Traveling Exhibits, Kansas State Teachers Association; and Norma Rathbun, Chief, Work With Children, Milwaukee Public Library.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

NEWBERY MEDAL BOOKS: 1922-1955, *with Their Authors' Acceptance Papers & Related Material Chiefly from the* Horn Book *magazine. Edited by Bertha Mahoney Miller and Elinor Whitney Field.* The Horn Book, Inc. $10. This first volume of "Horn Book Papers" is a chronological record of the Newbery awards. It contains for each award winner a brief biographical or autobiographical sketch; a book note; a copy of the acceptance paper, when there was one; an excerpt from the award-winning book; and for many of the winners illustrations or title-page fascimiles. Most of the material appeared originally in *Horn Book,* but occasional pieces were written especially for this volume. Chapters on John Newbery by Arthur B. Chrisman and on Frederic G. Melcher, "a twentieth-century John Newbery," by Bertha Mahoney Miller, and a critical overview of the books which have won the award by Elizabeth Nesbitt serve to introduce and tie together the variety of materials included. Expert editing and beautiful designing combine to make this a distinguished addition to the history of children's literature. —F. L. S.

PICTURE BOOK PARADE: Morton Schindel of Weston Woods Studios has recently released a series of films entitled **"Picture Book Parade,"** based on favorite children's picture books. He has filmed the books, page by page, retaining the original illustrations and adding only the element of motion. Those of us who are disturbed by the quality and subject matter of films for children are delighted and grateful that there are now these films which we can enthusiastically recommend. Mr. Schindel has retained not only the spirit of the original picture books but the actual text and drawings of the authors and illustrators. (See *SR,* April 14, Ideas on Film, for a complete review of this series.)

—F. L. S.

MAXIE. *Written and illustrated by Virginia Kahl. Scribner.* $2.50. An Austrian baron was looking for a big, fierce, fast dog to live with him in his castle. Maxie the dachshund decided to enter the contest that was being held to select this special dog. How he wins it makes a truly hilarious story. The lively, colorful pictures fit the text perfectly. This book is in the same spirit as the author's "Duchess Bakes a Cake" and "Away Went Wolfgang." —Augusta Baker.

GEORGIE TO THE RESCUE. *Written and illustrated by Robert Bright. Doubleday.* $1.75. When Georgie heard that Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker were going to the city and taking with them Herman the cat he decided that he and Miss Oliver the owl should also go. Who would make the ghost sounds so important for the family's comfort? This sequel to "Georgie" tells of the experiences that the three friends had before they all returned to the country. Small girls and boys who have read and reread "Georgie" will welcome this picture book about the new exploits of the friendly little ghost.

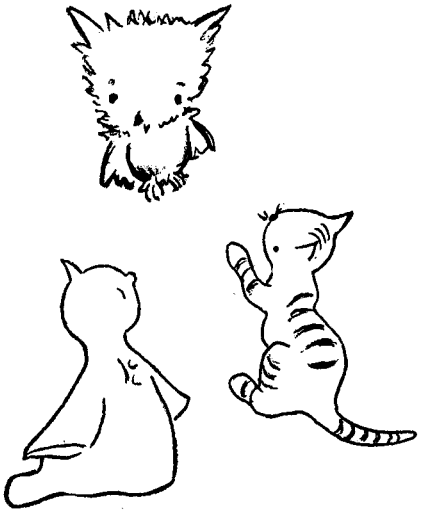
—A. B.

THE ENORMOUS EGG. *By Oliver Butterworth. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Little, Brown.* $2.95. Here is a story which is preposterous from the first page to the last. Nate Twitchell's hen lays an enormous egg and when it is finally hatched it turns out to be a dinosaur, soon known as Uncle Beazley. The ensuing experiences are told in the first person by Nate, but with a tongue-in-cheek earnestness that contributes to the whole ridiculous picture. It is a combination of "Homer Price" and "Mr. Popper's Penguins" and the illustrations have a Robert McCloskey quality about them. Boys and girls should have a wonderful time with this book. —A. B.

LULU HERSELF. *By Elisabeth Hubbard Lansing. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Crowell.* $2.50. "The mystery of the lost pearls" might easily have been a subtitle to this engaging story of a minister's daughter, introduced last year in "Lulu's Window" and now enrolled in a fashionable girls' school in New York City. Lulu is a born romantic picturing herself constantly as a heroine and "different." All the characters are well realized, from spoiled Gloria, whose pearls disappear, to genuine, practical Nancy and dreamy Lulu, who decides finally that maybe just being oneself and a part of the crowd is the best of all. Life in the city and the private-school background particularly will appeal to many girls of eight to ten.

—Ruth Gagliardo.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE. *By Wilma Pitchford Hays. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Coward-McCann.* $2.50. Valentine, whose birthday is celebrated on February 14, becomes a very real person instead of just a day in Wilma Hays's distinguished story of Rome during the persecution of the



—"Georgie Goes to the Rescue."

". . . who would make the ghost sounds?"

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—"The Story of Valentine."
". . . Valentine becomes a real person."

Christians. The boy Octavian loves the wise, friendly Valentine, who permits Octavian and his friends to play in his garden. When Valentine, a believer in "the one true God," is taken prisoner his carrier pigeon, Smoky, delivers a message to Octavian and his friends. What follows makes exciting reading for boys and girls of eight to ten. Mrs. Hays's beautifully told tale is a real find for the storyteller. The illustrations by Leonard Weisgard, Caldecott medalist, give a remarkable picture of ancient Rome. This is a truly beautiful book. —R. G.

STARBOY. *By Carl L. Biemiller. Illustrated by Kathleen Voute. Holt.* $2.50. Johnny Jenks is summer host to Remo, a boy from Out There. The two boys' adventures—a county fair, the sights of New York City with a ball game at Yankee Stadium, an encounter with a bull (with the boys saved by Remo's space-a-tron!)—are shared by Mr. Applegate, a cheery old neighboring gentleman, and Mr. Murphy, a scientist who has been assigned by Washington, D.C., to learn what he can from Remo about life Out There.

"Starboy" fills a real need for well-told science-fiction for boys of eight to ten. —R. G.

THE BIG LOOP. *By Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Charles Fontseré. Viking.* $3. André Gerard, his widowed mother, his teacher, and many of his friends and neighbors work together so that he may accomplish his dream of winning the "Big Loop" or the Tour de France, a bicycle race which in interest and enthusiasm is as important as baseball in America. This is a warm story full of the kind of courage and integrity required to overcome the struggles in everyday living and of "victory over oneself."

"The Big Loop" is intended for readers from twelve to sixteen, and told in terms which a young person can understand. The format would make it a fine book for older readers who need an easily read book with high interest value. —Norma Rathbun.

THE WIZARD IN THE WELL. *Poems and Pictures by Harry Behn. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.25. The author of "The Little Hill" and other books of verse has given us another delightful volume. Once again he has captured the true feelings of a child and interpreted them with great sensitivity. There are poems about fairies, spring flowers, elves, and goblins, and one long poem from which the book gets its name.

Once a wizard wondrous wise
Lived in a deep dark well.
His store of lore was more than
vast,
Too vast for words to tell.

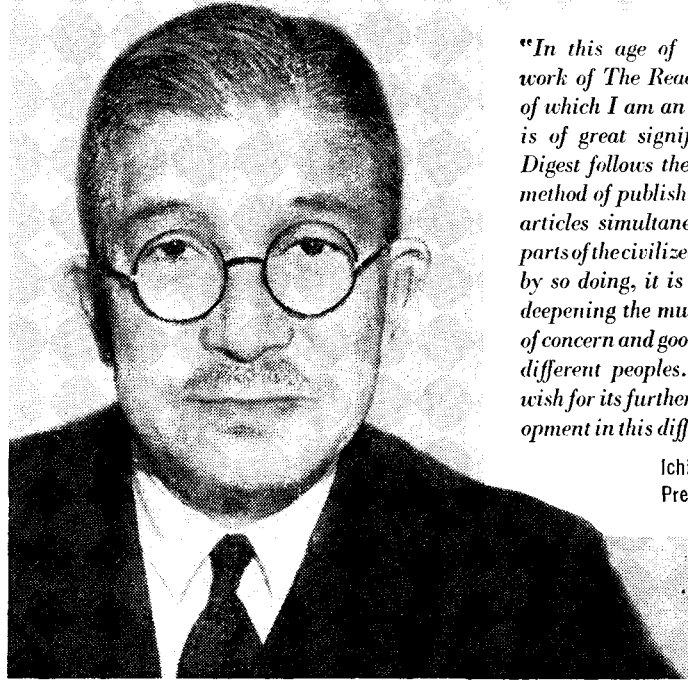
The book has a most attractive format, uniform with the previous titles, and the illustrations are just right for the text. —A. B.

THE FIRST BOOK OF CANADA. *By Charles and Marion Lineaweaver. Illustrated by W. R. Lohse. Watts.* $1.95. Canada's varied climate, landscape, industries, and nationalities are here recounted through the stories of the boys and girls who live in the provinces. Interesting features of the book are its striking illustrations done in a blue-green which seem to reflect the color and beauty of Canada, and a map of the country which introduces each chapter so that the young reader is never in doubt as to where he is. An appendix of famous people, things to see, and unusual facts about Canada complete the book. —N. R.

JULIUS CAESAR. *By Manuel Komroff. Messner.* $2.95. The genius and vision of a great leader who tried to be democratic is portrayed in this biography by an outstanding historian and novelist. Although the reader is never made to feel a real part of this exciting period of history, the analysis of character and events is well done. Young people from twelve to sixteen will find this book not only readable as a good biography, but excellent supplementary material for Latin and history. —N. R.

THE LIFE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL. *By Leonard Wibberley. Illustrated with photographs. Ariel.* $3. Mr. Wibberley has succeeded admirably in bringing to life the young Churchill, whose life was so different from that of most American boys. The contradictions and surprises which characterize

Why the Premier of Japan reads The Reader's Digest



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Ichiro Hatoyama,
Premier of Japan

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Churchill are strikingly presented—although in the lower half at Harrow, he won the school's top prize for memorization; loathing mathematics as a boy and always poor in it, he later became Chancellor of the Exchequer; trained as a cavalry officer, he was made First Lord of the Admiralty; failing Latin as a student, he quoted it freely in some of the most striking addresses ever to be made in the English language. Twelve pages of photographs add greatly to the appeal of this fine biography of an immortal figure in world history.

—R. G.

THE MIGHTY ATOM. *By John Lewellen. Illustrated by Ida Scheib. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.

THE TENTH WONDER: ATOMIC ENERGY. *By Carleton Pearl. Illustrated by Robert J. Lee. Little, Brown.* $3.

ATOMS TODAY & TOMORROW. *By Margaret O. Hude. Illustrated by Clifford N. Geary. Whittlesey House.* $2.50.

With the release of the atom bomb the possibilities of atomic energy have caught the world's imagination. While earlier popularizations for children were concerned chiefly with the bomb's property, recent ones have emphasized ways of harnessing atomic power for mankind's future enrichment.

Among the latter is John Lewellen's "The Mighty Atom," a good elementary introduction for the younger child to the atom's structure and fissionable character, knowledge of which he hopes will lead to its use for peaceful means. Bridging the span to the older child is Carleton Pearl's "The Tenth Wonder," which goes beyond to include a well-written and intimate report on the excitement that pervaded the laboratories of early pioneers when the atom was split. He explains, too, how the resulting nuclear reactors and atomic machinery operate and what form they may take to accomplish good for the future. A fuller treatment for young people is Margaret Hyde's "Atoms Today and Tomorrow," which not only explains what is known about the atom but has a large portion devoted to the fascinating experimental work in medicine, agriculture, transportation, and other fields of endeavor.

The last two are indexed, and all have authoritative backing. What is most significant, however, is the emphasis upon the use of atomic force for man's betterment in a world at peace.

—JULIA BRODY.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 11, 8, 10, 3, 12, 9, 4, 5, 7, 1, 2.

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Spaghetti Creole

ON EASTER Sunday, when normal custom would have had me promenading down Fifth Avenue in an old suit and a new tie, I was, by chain of circumstance, cruising the back-alleys of Port au Prince, the capital of Haiti, in company with M. Aubelin Jolicoeur, correspondent of the Haitian newspaper *Le Nouvelliste*, and M. Roger Coster, once of Paris and now proprietor of a gingerbread palace known as the Grand Hotel Oloffson.

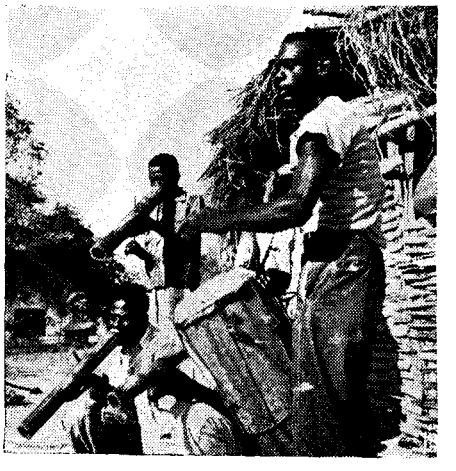
M. Coster, who only two years ago was making a creditable living and a creditable reputation taking photographs for slick American magazines, is an artist who finds great emotional satisfaction in the beauties of Haiti while simultaneously dismissing artificial tourist trappings as "spaghetti." M. Coster had agreed to launch my Haitian expedition with a Coster-planned excursion designed to seek the poetic naturalness of Haiti on an Easter Sunday, while skirting the local spaghetti like the plague.

We toured first the delicate mansions built by the bourgeoisie who imported French architects at the turn of the century to create for them wooden chateaux that would fit their newly-commanded position. The draftsmen obliged with Addamsesque manses—steeply-pitched roofs, intricate gables fraught with the nervousness of carved trimming, yet calmed by the exquisite balance of the whole. Bougainvillaea cascaded in purple fountains along the roadside, the shoeshine boy passed, beating a tic-tac on his box, and down the alley came Robert the bakery boy shouting, "Robair, Ro-bair, pâté, pâté, pâté!" On his head he carried a square blue box labeled "Au Gourmandaise." We passed a sign, a huge cut-out of a fish on which had been printed "Ici on Me Trouve Frais," and paused in amazement at the wooden frippery of the Villa Joyeuse, an unoccupied memorial to courtlier days. A fanciful pergola stood guard by the road in front of Villa Keitel, and stairs cascaded down to a lawn. The iron flowers in the fountain centerpiece rustled ever so slightly in the wind. Old statuary mounted on pedestals cast a stony stare across the garden at a gas can painted blue in which greenery grew, and at the new Dodge Suburban which stood in the driveway.

That afternoon we headed into the cool, flowered hills of Haiti, but we had hardly gotten beyond Pétionville, under the canopy of flamboyant trees that would burst soon into a crimson archway, when we heard the drums. Then down the hill and around our car came the RaRa dancers, trumpets blowing. They blew whistles, too, and played their *vaccines*, a bamboo flute on which the musician both blows and beats.

The king and queen wore paper crowns and pearl sequins like the costermongers of London. And some were dressed like policemen, with cap pistol at the belt and a badge cut from a can that once had held Cavanaugh's Canadian sardines. Some dangled flashlights on outlandish chains, others wore admiral hats cut from corrugated board and pasted with hundreds of snips of colored crepe. And some, in magnificent Haitian satire, read books while they danced. The drums beat relentlessly and an ancient Haitian woman shorn of teeth but not of fire, her shoes tied about her waist, began to gyrate violently, the shoes grotesque against her revolving belly.

THEN finally we broke through the crowd, and headed higher, invading the white ethereality of a cloud where lilies hung in head-down clusters like a thousand shy white bells, and the air grew cool and Coster allowed as what we had seen was no spaghetti. Then other young Haitians stood at the side of the road dressed in suits and shirts and ties and didn't move to drums but sang hymns because it was Easter Sunday. The new Haiti. And again there were peasants in skirts made of flour bags, who tied



"No spaghetti drummers, eh?"

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their heads in bandannas of screaming pink and royal blue and came up to the car with armloads of artichokes, which Coster bought for his table at the hotel, and huge bowls of tony strawberries. "*Belles fraises, belles fraises, pratique,*" they said.

High on the summit was Le Refuge, which has, they like to say, a climate like Denver in the fall. We looked out across the incredible view to the range of mountains reaching 8,000 feet into the clouds that boom like a crescendo out of the Haitian horizon. And in the air of a Denver autumn we drank tea and put on sweaters, and a lady from New York said this was the first Easter she had ever spent in a cardigan. We talked of the RaRa, and the theories were that the French *colons* gave their slaves one free day a year and that RaRa was a celebration of that day. The king dancing with a tin baton with rattles in each end seemed to be symbolic of the master with his whip. RaRa is celebrated most famously for three rousing Easter days in Léogane, but an old law prohibits RaRa revelers from dancing on asphalt, a clause which prevents them from invading the peace of the cities.

We came in the fading afternoon to see the sunset from an aerie called Le Perchoir, but the dusk had come and the fog had rolled into screen the lights of Port au Prince 3,000 feet below. One might well have been tempted by the menu which offered, among other dishes, "Swedish Meet Bols," but we contented ourselves with Barbancourt's best Haitian rum and talked Switzerland with a displaced cook from the Appenzell. Whenever the loudspeaker paused between its offerings of musical spaghetti you could hear the drums again. Outside, the RaRa dancers were mellow by now on the raw rum called *clairin*. They had paired off and in the eerie mist out of the mountains tinted red by the neon sign of Le Perchoir they moved against each other unfettered by the guy wires of sin or society. "Do you suppose they are married?" said a sardonic voice in the hellish mist. "Madame," the answer came, "een ai-ee-tee sex is an ahn-doo-strie."

THE next morning I went down to Port au Prince to the Compagnie Nationale des Chemin de Fer d'Haiti. A turkey stalked about the station's corridors and a covey of ducks and turkeys were content in the grass of the depot's yard. There are two trains operated by the Haitian railroad, one on Tuesday and one on Saturday. Both go to San Marc, a metropolis sixty miles distant. The fare is fifty cents, which is a reduction from the

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former fare of $1 when the train was an express. There is no exact telling how long the Chemin de Fer d'Haiti will take to negotiate the sixty miles. When I asked the station agent he said, *Téchniquement,* if it's serious it takes three hours. But since the engine, which is known as *Mme. Sarah,* burns wood—two carloads of it each trip—including a stray piece of mahogany, and since the engineer has been known to stop for lunch or a dip in the sea, the ride often takes twelve to fifteen hours, listing from side to side every rolling minute.

In the market men were cutting up old tires to make straps for sandals. Women were stitching *chemises maldiocres,* a voodoo shirt made of flour sacks and bits of bright striped cloth. In the iron market you could buy a three-tiered chandelier made of condensed milk cans. And since imperfect stampings from beer and oil cans are sent to Haiti, you could buy a suitcase or a pot coated with the imprimatur of Shaefer's beer or Havoline motor oil.

Haiti's most interesting creations hang on the walls of its Centre d'Art, a roomy old house that displays the works of fifty of the nation's best artists. It operates under a $300 monthly grant from the Haitian Government, takes 30 per cent of the retail selling price, and is largely responsible, through its director De Witt Peters, who came to Haiti as an English teacher, for the surge of primitive art that wells from artists who frequently can neither read nor write.

I WAS, indeed, astounded by the growth of Haiti's hotels since I was last there in 1950. Ibo Lélé, which I had remembered as a delightful nook tucked in the mountains, still had its magnificent 110-mile view from Gonave Island up the Cul de Sac plain to the salt lake of Etang Saumâtre. But it had become an immense hotel now, with a basement nightclub, uniformed bellhops, and wings spread all over the hills. El Rancho had established itself as the most expensive hotel, but at $30 a day I couldn't help but feel that the tariff was pegged far too high. The Villa Creole next door gets about half that in winter, about $12 in summer with meals, and it has a swimming pool, balconied rooms under the breadfruit trees, and a weekly show.

In the city a nine-story, skyscraping, seventy-room production known as Castelhaiti has risen on the hillside in back of the Oloffson. It is, to say the least, something of a startling sight—after all, it possesses one of the two elevators in Haiti—with its curvy balconies looking down on Port au Prince, a city possessed of such older business enterprises as the Boulangerie de L'Enfant Jésus and the Blanchisserie de Nôtre Dame de Lourdes.

The Castelhaiti looks down, as well, on the lacey woodwork of the Oloffson, which has become a roost for artists—among them Maurice Evans, Sir John Gielgud, Raoul Pène du Bois, Charles Addams, Alfred de Liagre Jr., photographers Richard Avedon and Leonard McCombe, writers Max Lerner and Eugene Lyons. Built for President Sam of Haiti in 1885, it was, as Coster says, "a great spaghetti." American occupying forces made it a rest center complete with maternity wing in 1915. In 1926 it was bought by a Danish woman, the wife of a sea captain, and became Haiti's first hotel. Caribbean sea captains used it for a meeting place, but later it passed into the hands of a crocodile hunter. Coster and his Haitian wife took it over in September of 1954, tacked a bath on every room, serve a French-Haitian cuisine on the broad veranda, morning coffee by the pool, get $9 a day in summer, food included.

Before a crowded house of Haitians and American tourists the Costers staged their regular Tuesday night show on what proved fittingly to be my last evening in Haiti. It was, to say the very least of it, a violent, exciting exercise of machete dancers, RaRa baton twirlers, and, sandwiched in between, the fragile beauty of Adrienne, a Haitian girl of exquisite looks and lithe form who, I could only feel, will one day soon be coaxing gasps from the sophisticated practitioners who inhabit the Maisonette, the dimlit Fifth Avenue basement of Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel. Then there were the drums again, wild and compelling, the way I had heard the RaRas beat them on Easter Sunday. And it ended when a drummer flew from his chair, his legs thrashing, untamed and orgiastic. "They are peasants, peasants from the hills," said Coster, mopping his brow. "No spaghetti drummers, eh?"

—Horace Sutton.

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Americana

Continued from page 17

tanglement he controlled a vast empire of wealth, seemed blessed with inexhaustible resources. But they were the resources of the covetous manipulator, of the trickster in finance who, incredibly enough, lived inside the learned philosopher, sincere patriot, and able jurist. Wilson's empire was on paper, his resources other people's money. Washington could speculate in western lands without becoming less in dedication or less in moral leadership. Washington distrusted Wilson. He was wise to do so. At the height of the speculation mania he refused to appoint Wilson Chief Justice. He was wise in this, too.

It was deplorable and shocking when the justice, his paper empire collapsing, fled his court and his creditors to a distant refuge in North Carolina and there, his mind confused, his spirit broken, died amid the ruins of his dreams. Even at the last, Wilson might have saved some of his wealth had he been willing to give up the rest. But he had a miser's grasping proclivity; he would part with nothing.

James Wilson was a mystery. In men of public good are often private evils; they reveal human nature, but we do not judge the men by their weaknesses unless we are muckrakers. But the evil in Wilson was an entirely public evil, as public as his political career. He was an amiable man, stout, reserved, dignified, not given to secret vices. He did nothing illegal. But the man who neglected to pay back his first benefactors in his youth subsequently came to put his own personal interests before his country's and, careless of his good name or his well-being, consumed himself, his friends, and his life's work in a bonfire of tragic cupidity.

The lack of a biography of this man of exceeding worth and extravagant folly has been a major gap in the literature of our Revolutionary era. It has been too hard a problem, too grave a mixture of the admirable and the contemptible. Charles Page Smith has succeeded in the difficult task. Unlike Wilson, his appeal *is* in style. And he possesses that insight Wilson requires and has a wide knowledge of the people, the scenes, the issues of the period. Wilson's public services, particularly his work on the Supreme Court, emerge from this important work as even more substantial, more significant than they have previously been thought. Unhappily, his speculations, his decay, his final collapse seem therefore even the more pitiable.

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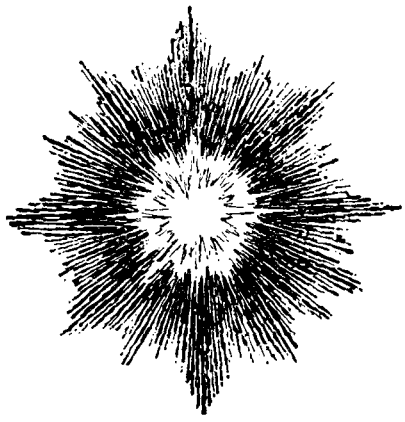

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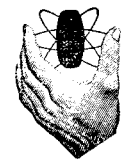

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—II Science in Books • Where Is Science Taking Us? • Letter from San Jose

ARTICLES: Billion-Dollar Prescription • Man Makes His First Star

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *THE SEARCHING ART*
- *KEEPING WATER WET*
- *METABOLISM: KEY TO MEDICINE*

NO MATTER how far back we roll the record of the past we find man wondering about himself, how he came to be, what elusive spark made him grow, whence fire came to warm him on this one of the many spinning little balls that shine in the great ocean sky at night.

Groping through time, he has asked himself why things happen the way they do, instead of happening some other way. His curiosity has led him to explore, to venture into unknown land, to sail upon the water, to fly into the air. He has learned to heal his wounds and ease his pains with medicines from flowers, the barks of shrubs and trees, the molds of the soil. He has harnessed the rain, and is beginning to bottle the sunshine. He has taught the other animals to do his hardest work, and even has built *inanimals* to help him think. Incessantly he has tinkered, changed, invented, adapted, altered his own behavior in order to live happily among his fellowmen. And as his reason has widened the refinement of his animal instincts he has come to seek knowledge beyond the needs of his immediate comfort, for the pure joy of knowing.

This endlessly roving curiosity, this searching and researching and searching again, is Science. In ancient days it was known as Philosophy, and was practised by men like Aristotle. It always has been a method of thinking, a systematic choosing of the relevant and rejecting of the inconsequential, a matter of proportion and perspective sharpened at its best by intuition into a Fine Art.

This is what Science was, and what Science still is today. As Dr. Warren Weaver, vice president for the natural and medical sciences of the Rockefeller Foundation, said in his parting message as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in December 1955: "Every man is to some degree a scientist."

But that reassuring truth, that unifying thought, has been forgot of late. And it is the purpose of SR/Research to attempt to restore the old perspective, to re-establish the common man's belief in the oneness of things.

The foregoing paragraphs will, we trust, answer the question that readers have asked repeatedly in letters, on the telephone, and in personal conversations since our first issue appeared last month.

• • •

HAVING amplified our philosophy, we can go to state it as the intention of SR/Research to delineate trends rather than to contribute to the sensationalizing of scientific fads. And in furtherance of that purpose we report developments that have occurred in three major areas since our first publication.

1. The Massachusetts report on polio [*SR* Mar. 24] cleared the way for use of the Salk vaccine in that state but advised parents not to consider the vaccine in its present form as the last word in prevention of paralysis. Shortly after that finding was printed the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published news of early experiments with a new vaccine. Lederle Laboratories are the makers of this new material, which contains live virus of milder strains than the controversial Mahoney strain used by Dr. Jonas Salk in his inactivated vaccine. The new Lederle product has been given in capsule form to 225 people who were not immune to polio, with no resultant infection or other ill effects. The anti-polio capsules must undergo extensive further tests before being considered for clinical use by physicians.

2. In our first PERSONALITY PORTRAIT [*SR* Mar. 24] of Dr. Laurence Snyder, father of human genetics, stress was laid on the need for fuller understanding of atomic age effects on inheritance. Since that sketch appeared it has become clear that the National Academy of Sciences is moving vigorously to make available to the public all pertinent data on "fallout" and its results in future generations. The report is due before autumn.

3. The report on Soviet science by Prof. John Turkevich of Princeton [*SR* Mar. 24] told how the new rulers of the Kremlin are freeing Russian scientists of the Communist party line in order to strengthen the country technologically. This movement reached a climax on April 9 with the announcement in Moscow that Trofim D. Lysenko had resigned as chief of the All-Union Academy of Agricultural Science. Lysenko is the man who paralyzed Soviet research in biology to suit Stalin's ideology.

• • •

WATER is an increasingly scarce resource in the United States. How to conserve it has become a subject of

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intense research. One way is to prevent evaporation from reservoirs. Texas, for example, loses almost as much water from evaporation as it uses each year. Consequently, Texas was the natural place for an international conference on the control of evaporation of water. And such a meeting occurred in San Antonio early this month, while drought-bred dust-clouds blinded the Panhandle. Sponsors were the Southwest Research Institute and the Southwest Cooperative Research Project. Flown in especially to give his expert advice was W. W. Mansfield, of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization in Australia. The Australians have been experimenting with a method of covering water reservoirs with a thin film. They say the film reduces evaporation 45 per cent. The cost is eighty cents per acre foot, compared to $30-to-$80 per acre foot paid for other anti-evaporation schemes by municipal water districts in this country.

• • •

SECRECY still surrounds research on an atomic-powered airplane. But apparently a major breakthrough of some kind has persuaded the Atomic Energy Commission that radiation shielding can be provided in a sufficiently lightweight form to permit an A-furnace to fly. In any event, the Air Force is giving the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation a contract for manufacture of the atom plane's frame. And announcement has been made of plans for a 15,000-foot-long runway at the A-furnace testing station near Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Lockheed has pioneered in turbine engined aircraft, the ideal vehicle for use of atom power.

The advantage of an A-powered plane, as almost everyone knows by now, is that refueling stops could be years apart. Up to now, many atomic experts have ruled out such a plane because the motor was thought to require many feet of concrete to protect the passengers and crew from deadly radiation.

• • •

ALTHOUGH the excitement about it has died down, at least temporarily, Automation is moving rapidly along behind the scenes. Latest big development was announcement of the merger intentions of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation and the Underwood Corporation. Underwood is this country's third largest maker of office machines. IT&T is not only engaged in communications but manufactures electronic "brains" in Belgium and England. The two firms together could challenge IBM and Sperry-Rand in the big race for the automatic office and the automatic factory.

Purely by happenchance, Harper and Brothers picks this strategic moment to bring out a new book (May 8) under the undramatic title "Developing People in Industry." The authors are three psychologists: Douglas H. Fryer, Mortimer R. Feinberg. and Sheldon S. Zalkind. What they have done is to apply research to three fundamental human questions:

Why do people want to improve themselves?

How can they best be encouraged to go about it?

Under what circumstances are they stimulated to try hardest?

Pillsbury Mills has used this motivation study successfully in training its employes for new responsibilities. That industry in general may have need of it before long to cope with the new jobs automation will bring has been suggested by Dr. Cledo Brunetti, chairman of the committee of scientists who review and appraise all automation projects for the defense department. He told the 1955 national conference of social work in San Francisco:

"We need . . . to start . . . the biggest vocational training program this country has ever seen."

• • •

IF THE lady Senator from Maine (see page 43) needs any expert testimony to support her attempt to add a billion dollars to current Congressional appropriations for medical research in America, she can get it from another lady who has just completed a fifteen-year investigation into the deepest needs of medicine. Miss Esther Everett Lape is not a doctor, but praise is being heaped upon her by the leading physicians and surgeons of the country for her two-volume work: "Medical Research: A Mid-century Survey."

Financed by the American Foundation, one of the smaller philanthropic institutions of the United States, the inquiry whose findings Miss Lape has edited and published (Little, Brown) makes not the slightest effort to sugar coat the facts.

"Wherever fundamental research exists, no doubt would be expressed that medicine—meaning medical research, medical education, medical practice—is of course rooted in biology; or that the development of biological and medical research is increasingly influenced by the contributions of chemistry, physics (and atomic energy), and mathematics," the report asserts. "This truth is as yet, however, only dimly reflected in the structure of medical education or in the point of view of medical practice.

"The most urgent of present national needs in the medical field is thus conceived to be expansion and improvement of medical education integrally related to research, and progressive improvement of medical practice, steadily lessening the empirical nature of applications of new knowledge to medicine. The medical research involved must be in biological perspective, utilizing the contributions of chemistry, physics, mathematics and the results of research into atomic energy."

The study throughout both its volumes—one devoted to principles and practice in general, the other concerned with specific areas of need—centers on metabolism, the process of growth, as the key to all disease.

"One after another, as a result of developing research," notes a summary passage, "diseases are released from the confines of specific causes into the area of general metabolic function and dysfunction."

Cholesterol, one of the chemicals related to growth, is cited as an example of biological unity. Cholesterol has been widely advertised as the principal agent in depositing fat inside blood vessels and setting the stage for heart attack. So far as the layman is concerned, however, no attention has been paid to the fact that cholesterol is also found in diabetes, gallstones, and cataracts.

—JOHN LEAR, *Science Editor.*

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

SCIENCE is a self-correcting discipline. So we cheerfully accept the obligation to report to readers of the first issue of SR/ Research [Mar. 24] that:

(1) Our lead book review was wrongly credited to James W. Gardner. The reviewer's correct name is John W. Gardner. Mr. Gardner is president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

(2) Professor John Turkevich of Princeton, who wrote our article on science in Russia, did not report that Alexander Nikolaevich Nesmeyanov bosses 100,000 university level scientists in the Soviet. The correct figure is 10,000.

(3) Dr. Douglas Surgenor, of Harvard, does not receive a grant from the Defense Department for his work with the disease-fighting blood fraction, Properdin. *Because of his work* the grant goes to an organization with which he is affiliated: The Protein Foundation. —THE SCIENCE EDITOR.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—II

SYMBOL OF ONE WORLD OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE

Otto Hahn, discoverer of nuclear fission

—*Wide World.*

PROFESSOR OTTO HAHN has become a living symbol of the indivisibility of science. This white-haired little man (five-feet three-inches tall) discovered nuclear fission in Adolf Hitler's *Reich*, yet in some miraculous way of his own avoided any personal contribution of his genius either to Nazi aggression or to the atom bomb. Although he is a German, he has just received the Faraday Medal—loftiest scientific honor England can bestow—from the Chemical Society in annual meeting at Nottingham. And he has captivated scientific imaginations everywhere by comparing his relationship to his own great discovery with that of "a very important small boy assisting some very important conjurer."

The whole significance of the Faraday Medal ceremony has been missed in the United States. Only abroad has the event been done justice in the press. I am indebted for my quotations to the Scientific Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

"A man at the end of his scientific life," are the words that correspondent tells us Hahn employed to describe himself, "perhaps even at the end of his life."

Whether that be prophecy or no, Hahn's life can hardly be said to be cut short. The aurora of his career first glowed on the horizon early in the present century, just after Marie Curie and her husband isolated radium from pitchblende. The name Hahn was a brilliant name in radiochemistry from that time onward. However, as the *Guardian* correspondent reminds, "the big story began after (Sir James) Chadwick (one of Britain's Nobel Prizewinners) discovered neutrons in 1932."

The idea that an atom of one element could be changed into an atom of another kind had been widely discussed for some years prior. The method, of course, was to bombard the atomic nucleus with sub-atomic particles. The neutron was the ideal projectile because (1) it was heavy and (2) it carried no electrical charge that would cause it to be fought off by charged particles in its target.

The legends of German thoroughness were to be borne out later. But in the beginning it was not Hahn the Teuton but Enrico Fermi the Italian who methodically fired neutrons at the ninety-two then known elements, one after another. And it was Fermi who discovered the way to slow down neutrons in order to enhance the likelihood of putting them on target. Fermi even induced fission in uranium, without understanding what he had done. He also created element 93—plutonium—but was unable to satisfy himself of the fact, perhaps because Mussolini's Fascists, whom he abhorred, ballyhooed "the new element."

After Fermi fled to America to save his Jewish wife, Laura, from Blackshirt persecutions there was a noticeable lull in his experiments. Temporarily the patent he had taken out on his slow neutron process was devoid of practical meaning.

It was during this fallow period in Fermi's career that Hahn and his colleague, Lise Meitner, repeated the Fermi bombardment of uranium and got the same apparently heavier element that Fermi had found. They were equally skeptical of the result, and checked and re-checked their findings until Meitner had to flee Germany to escape the Nazis.

Hahn stayed behind in Berlin, drudgingly continuing the uranium bombardments. In the autumn of 1938 he was convinced that one of the elements that came out of uranium was barium. Later in the year he was persuaded that another child of uranium was krypton.

Barium was element 56. Krypton was element 36. Fifty-six plus thirty-six made ninety-two. Uranium was element 92. Therefore uranium had been split, and, according to Einstein's law there had to be a considerable release of energy.

In her refuge in Copenhagen Lise Meitner understood the revolutionary act that Hahn had finally accomplished. She passed the word along to Neils Bohr, who confirmed the fission experiments in his laboratory and took the news to Fermi in America.

"If our sources of neutrons had been bigger," Hahn said in accepting the Faraday Medal, "we might not have discovered fission but we would have found plutonium instead."

IN OTHER words, Hitler was niggardly in his support of basic science. Hahn emphasized that impression in another passage.

"Germany did not have the resources to decide on making atomic bombs," he said, "and many German scientists were glad to be relieved of the responsibility."

If American scientists, who also would have been glad to be relieved of the responsibility, had known of Hitler's attitude in time, they might have escaped the voluntary censorship which they imposed upon themselves in those pre-A-bomb days and which they have since tried valiantly but vainly to lift.

Having no scars of conscience to recover from, Hahn may be in the best position to clearly foresee the future. At the Nottingham ceremony, he radiated hope.

"Wonderful indeed," he said, "are the perspectives of the use of atomic energy in peace: may they blot out entirely the horror of the use of atomic and hydrogen bombs in war."

—WILL JONATHAN.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

"MISSILES for PEACE"

The Russo-American race for an intercontinental ballistics missile dominates the news. Should actual production of the ICBM begin, it is doubtful that disarmament ever again could be a real possibility. It has therefore been proposed that we invite the Russians to join us in a controlled and cooperative development of missiles for peace. The potentialities of peaceful missiles are discussed here by a man whose job requires him to think first of missiles for war. Maj. Nels A. Parson, Jr. is Chief of the Review and Analysis Branch, Combat Developments, Headquarters Continental Army Command. As a soldier, he eschews political debate. His observations are stated objectively in this adaptation from his recent book. "Guided Missiles in War and Peace" (Harvard University Press).

By MAJ. NELS A. PARSON, JR.

ORIGINALLY there was nothing warlike in the idea of rocketing into space. The first man who seriously tried it was a scholar and scientist named Wan Hu. According to Chinese history, he lashed to his sedan chair several dozen of the crude rockets known to the Chinese at that time. Then he had all the rockets fired simultaneously. We do not yet know just how successful Wan Hu was, for he disappeared in the blast.

Some thousands of years later—in 1893, to be exact—a less impetuous American named S. B. Battey became obsessed with Wan Hu's desire to "get away from it all." Because he took the precaution of obtaining a patent, we know that Battey planned to steer his rocket ship.

The first rockets that really were steered with any degree of accuracy were first figured out on paper in 1915 by Robert H. Goddard of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. His calculations were so impressive that a German student of mathematics, Hermann Oberth, used them to reinforce his own prospectus for an amateur spaceship travel club.

Under Adolf Hitler the members of the spaceship club were snapped up for war.

Peacetime uses for the missiles were not neglected entirely even in those days by such a bellicose man as Hermann Goring. When that plump Nazi first saw a V-2 launched successfully in 1944 he roared, "This is colossal! We must fire one at the first Nuremberg postwar party rally."

Potentially, the nonmilitary uses of robot craft are as extensive as the combat uses. As far back as September 1947 an Air Force C-54 flew from Newfoundland to England, guided automatically by radio signals it received on the way. A crew was aboard, but was not used. So cannot one envision a peaceful transport missile?

Some enthusiasts predict regular mail and air-express runs the world over by unmanned supersonic vehicles. By removing the human pilot from the "mail-jet," the designer could automatically eliminate much weight and space-consuming equipment, which is there solely for the well-being and safety of the pilot.

The Guggenheim Foundation has already established two research centers to study high altitude weather with missiles. It may be that very high altitude, rocket-powered weather missiles will be used extensively to permit not only complete weather data, but long-range prediction as well. Flights over polar regions or into violent storms for weather data could be made by pilotless craft.

The automatic pilots and remote-control devices now being used in missiles can be put to work also to control the flight of aircraft at times when human ability is not adequate because of high speeds or atmospheric conditions.

For example, automatic instruments

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operating inside a missile can steer an explosive robot accurately to a ground target. These guidance systems can be geared to a compass for direction, to an altimeter for height of climb, to a propeller that acts as a mileage meter for distance, to a telescope that navigates by watching the stars, or even to a TV set that looks for a particular place on the ground. Could not similar systems be employed to place high-speed commercial aircraft precisely on the runway in any weather?

Of course, a missile guidance system would have to be considerably modified to land a plane. The system could be redesigned to lower the flaps at a certain time, level out, cut the motors. Information obtained automatically by radar could be fed into a computer, and the computer could calculate exactly when and how much to begin braking.

Some missiles now have guidance systems so sophisticated that they can continuously predict the future position of a bomber and can maneuver the missile to thwart the bomber's evasive tactics. Could not a modification of that same device be used to insure that two planes in danger of collision would *not* intercept?

It is not inconceivable that directional forward firing rockets automatically controlled by instrumentation originally developed for missiles could gradually bring a plane that is about to crash to almost zero velocity just before impact.

Individual components of missiles have peacetime possibilities. The development of the transistor as a replacement for the vacuum tube was accelerated by missile-makers' demands for high reliability, long life, low power requirements, and small size. As a result, radio and television equipment (less the picture tube) can be shrunk to one-tenth the space of conventional sets and operate reliably almost indefinitely with a fiftieth of the power now necessary.

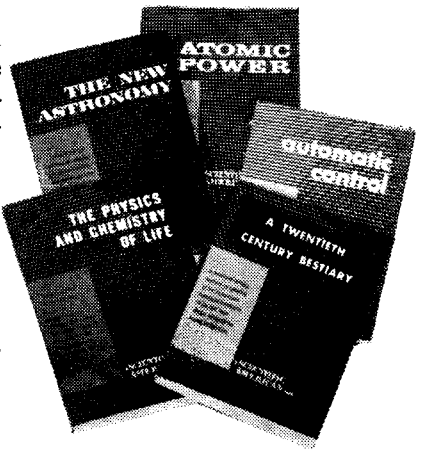
New and vastly improved automatic computers have been brought into existence, and they are beginning to run offices and factories.

Because of the need for sending technical information to the ground from a test missile, telemetering developed. One might call it the art of measuring conditions on a vehicle in flight and radioing the information back to earth. The telemetering principle is already being followed in earthbound machines. Information is sent automatically from one part of a machine to another part and used there, again automatically, to direct the whole machine's operation. This is the feedback mechanism that is leading us toward Automation.

A report from Simon and Schuster on the immediate success of the first 5

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS

Early this year Simon and Schuster launched the first science library of its kind: *Scientific American Books*. As we write, just over two months later, the series is a runaway success.



These paperback books, superbly written and edited, priced at only $1 each, bring—to layman and professional—news of the latest investigations on the frontiers of science.

Each gives a comprehensive view of one major field. Each derives from articles that have appeared in *Scientific American* magazine. This is the century-old periodical which 8 years ago was (in the words of *The New York Times*) "miraculously transformed by new hands into one of the most remarkable ventures in the history of scientific publication. Its roster of contributors reads like a Who's-Who of contemporary science."

The first 5 *Scientific American Books* arrived in bookstores early in February. It took less than two weeks to sell out 90,000 copies—18,000 of each title—to professionals (like the man who wrote us, "Excellent innovation, long overdue. A great boon to impecunious scholars") and general readers.

Printing has followed printing. Total to date is 290,000. *The New York Times* has given *Scientific American Books* a magnificent send-off, with a full page review which reads, in part, as follows:

> "Scientific American, *in which the articles composing these books first appeared, represents a unique collaboration between scientists and editors,*" says the Times. "*These articles are at once written for scientists in other fields and for the non-scientific reader. They* [Scientific American Books] *should be equally stimulating to painters and poets, philosophers and theologians, engineers and businessmen, teachers and tinkers. Here the ordinary reader who is curious to learn about himself and the world he lives in will find a stimulating source of information and reflection.*"

Meanwhile scores of comments like these are coming daily from readers:

> *From New Orleans: "It almost literally opened a new world for me. I'm a sociologist and knew nothing about any of the physical sciences. Intelligible, exciting. I enjoyed it to the full." . . . A New York reader praises the attractive format—adding, "but I would read this kind of writing on wrapping paper."...From Boston: "Magnificent articles, magnificent authors, magnificent presentation, magnificent price; congratulations!"*

Here are the first 5 *Scientific American Books*. Price one dollar each.*

AUTOMATIC CONTROL, a survey of machines equipped with nervous systems and made to regulate themselves.

ATOMIC POWER, its peacetime uses.

THE PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY OF LIFE, in terms of the behavior of non-living atoms and molecules.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY. The universe re-explored via the latest instruments.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY BESTIARY. A new look at animal behavior.

New titles will be added soon. We suggest that scientists, engineers, and serious laymen (i.e. readers of *The Saturday Review*) lose no time in acquiring these magnificent books; we noted to our delight that one of New York's biggest bookstores has them on sale in the "fast traffic" section, together with the latest novels of romance and derring-do. The rush is on.

—ESSANDESS

*On sale at all bookstores. $1 each. Or from Simon and Schuster, Publishers, Department SB, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York. (Company and Institutional inquiries invited).

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for fruitful research. Answers will appear on this page as they are received.

K. S. PITZER (*University of California—Berkeley*): Inorganic chemistry at very high temperatures is a relatively unexplored field which contains, I feel sure, many surprising and rewarding potential discoveries. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *The A-bomb and the H-bomb have made most laymen aware that atomic work is done at extremely high temperatures. But the experimental field Dr. Pitzer mentions is far broader than that. High temperatures must also be mastered in jet engines for airplanes and motorcars, in the construction of frames for supersonic airplanes and high-altitude rockets, and in oil-well drilling deep in the earth, where the thermometer rises as man descends.*]

T. W. BONNER (*The Rice Institute—Houston*): I know of two small areas of physics that are being neglected where useful information could be obtained: (a) the measurement of the energies of beta particles of fission products that have a half life less than one minute, and (b) precision experiments on the scattering of 10 to 20 MEV (millions of electron volts) neutrons by atomic nuclei. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *Beta particles are lightweight, generally short-range emissions of disintegrating atoms. They are valuable in medicine because their effects are limited to the thickness of one blood cell, so that use within the body—and on the skin—is practical for treatment of disease. Half life varies with each of the ninety-two elements of nature, and must be known precisely before effective dosage can be determined. Neutron scatter can be thought of by the layman in the same general way as buckshot scatter from a shotgun. Science is just beginning to learn that the scatter patterns of neutrons sometimes tell more about the composition and flaws of metals than can be told by X-rays.*]

—*Roy N. Green.*

L. E. GRINTER (*University of Florida*): The research that is most needed and is receiving least attention, in my opinion, is research on education itself. I am thinking of education at the college, professional, and graduate levels. The medical profession seems to have reached a plateau of production of physicians due to very rigorous requirements of facilities and methods of instruction. The engineering profession teaches a great deal of art that would be better taught by industry. And the teaching profession appears in part to be using the Ph.D. degree as a protection against the infiltration of "progressive educationalists" instead of making it into the strongest possible training ground for subject-matter teachers. These are but samples of opportunities for educational research that are receiving minimum attention.

—*William Simmons.*

HILLIER KREIGHBAUM (*New York University*): Need for bringing science news to the public is recognized by most people concerned with research. Too little is known about which are the more effective channels for disseminating such information. How can the public best obtain the facts to build a sound opinion toward, say, atomic-energy developments which the citizens will help finance through their taxes, or medical research of heart disease that they will aid through voluntary contributions? Is the daily press in too much of a hurry to perform an adequate job? Is television too concerned with amusing while it informs? Are books and magazines too tardy and too intellectual for effective communication? Must popularization of science news always involve vulgarization of the facts?

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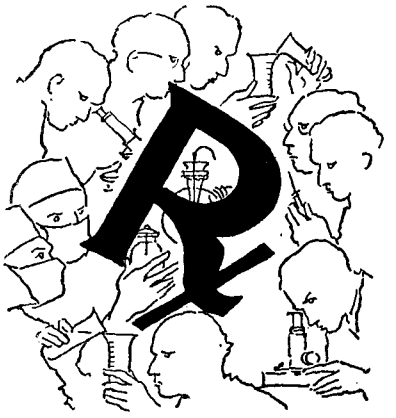
BILLION-DOLLAR PRESCRIPTION

By MARGARET CHASE SMITH, *U. S. Senator from Maine, whose interest in medical research extends far beyond the humanitarian instincts of politics. Here she discusses the dollars-and-cents practicalities of the first long-range approach to medical learning that has ever been proposed to Congress by a member of the Senate. Her billion-dollar bill is still before the Federal legislature, and there is yet time for a national debate on one of the great domestic issues of our time.*



WE HUMAN BEINGS act strangely. With the exception of our moral and spiritual values, the obviously most important thing to us is life—our own life and the lives of our dear ones and our friends. Yet we don't act that way. We pay little attention to our health. We take our health for granted. We don't get concerned about it until we have lost part of it. And sometimes that is too late.

Here in America last year we spent $10,000,000,000 for cocktails and other spirituous liquors. We spent $5,000,000,000 for tobacco. We spent $264,000,000 for chewing gum. But when I advocated on the floor of the United States Senate that we spend an extra $200,000,000 a year for the next five years on the better care of our health, some people were shocked.

"How could you possibly spend that much money?" these people have asked. "Why $200,000,000 a year for five years is $1,000,000,000!" Indeed it is. One billion. Forty-nine billions less than our drinking bill during those same five years. Twenty-four billions less than our smoking bill. More than $250,000,000 less than our bill for chewing gum.

Having made that comparison, I ask my questioners a question:

"Is $1,000,000,000 really a huge sum to spend to help protect and perhaps prolong 165,000,000 American lives?"

I think most people will agree that it is not. And here is my prescription:

(1) For medical research, spend $500,000,000.

(2) For medical research facilities, spend $150,000,000.

(3) For assistance to medical education, spend $350,000,000.

I believe that my prescription is unique in one very important respect. It is long-range medicine—something that we in this country have never attempted before.

As I am not a doctor, or even a nurse, I may be suspected of snap diagnosis. This, however, is not the case. I have been concerned with medical research for a long time. I do want to acknowledge, though, that my thinking was crystallized by an editorial in a great Maine newspaper, *The Bangor Daily News*. The title the editorial writer chose was "How About $1,000,000,000 for Health?"

The most thorough study to date of the impact of illness upon our national economy was made in a six-month-long investigation by the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in 1953 and 1954. I have leaned heavily upon my readings of those hearings in reaching my own conclusions. More recently, criticism of inadequate Federal support for medical research has come from the distinguished reports of the Hoover Commission. In these reports there is a recurrent plea for a five-year program. I am frank to state that the arguments of the Commission have had a great influence upon me. But the detailed dosage that follows is my own formula.

1. MEDICAL RESEARCH

At present the research and training programs of the National Institutes of Health have a current budget of approximately $100,000,000 a year. I would double this budget, making it $200,000,000 a year, an added five-year cost of $500,000,000.

Perhaps I should explain, for the benefit of those who are not so close to government as I am, that the

—Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

At the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness a scientist slices diseased brain tissue preparatory to biochemical studies.

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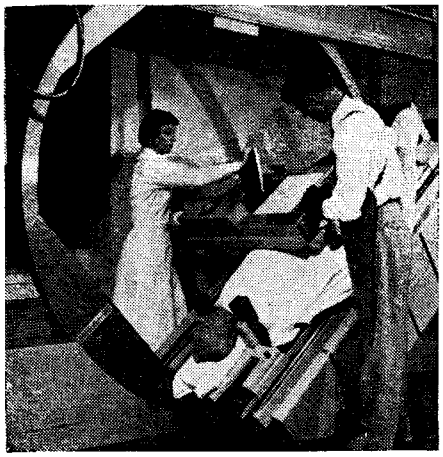
National Institutes of Health together make up the foremost research agency of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. They have extensive laboratories of their own, probably the finest laboratories in the world, certainly the best government laboratories anywhere. But two-thirds of their funds are spent in support of research and training in non-Federal medical institutions. In this extramural research and training each Institute (there are seven: cancer, heart, mental health, arthritis and metabolic diseases, neurological diseases and blindness, dental, and microbiological) is aided by a National Advisory Council. Council members are citizens outstanding in medical science, education, and public affairs. They review all applications for grants, and make recommendations on these to the Surgeon General, who in his turn requests appropriations from Congress.

Historically the Councils have been hampered by our system of annual appropriations. Frequently they have not been able to attract the most qualified men to short-term jobs. And many research projects have been turned down because their continuance over the necessary span of time could not be guaranteed.

The more fundamental research becomes—and all the experts agree that it is fundamental (sometimes called "pure") research we need above all else—the less predictable is the time involved. Testimony before the House Appropriations Committee early in 1956 reminded us, for instance, that thirty-three years passed between (a) the time that the pancreas was found to contain the secret of diabetes and (b) the time when the secret was identified as insulin. Would anyone today begrudge the money spent in hunting down that elusive chemical, which, when finally discovered, saved millions of lives?

By making $500,000,000 more available to the National Institutes of Health, I do not claim to solve the problem of basic research. But I do feel that the Institutes would be given a degree of flexibility in supporting long-range studies. It seems pertinent to note, at this point, that long-range investigation means most in the little understood metabolic diseases which have their worst crippling effects in our growing proportion of older citizens.



Medicine needs expensive instruments.

2. MEDICAL RESEARCH FACILITIES

Early this year Senators Lister Hill and Styles Bridges introduced a bill to provide $90,000,000 over the next three years to match construction grants for medical research facilities in medical schools, hospitals, and private foundations in all parts of the country. The Senate passed the bill unanimously, and the measure is now before the House. Under my five-year prescription I would extend this three-year proposal to cover five years at the same annual rate of $30,000,000; a total of $150,000,000.

3. MEDICAL EDUCATION ASSISTANCE

Senator Hill also introduced, together with a dozen other Senators, another bill to provide $250,000,000 to match grants for construction of medical-school buildings. This bill has been strongly endorsed by the American Medical Association and almost unanimously by medical school Deans. I would increase this appropriation by $20,000,000 a year—from $50,000,000 to $70,000,000—for a five-year total of $350,000,000. That total approximates two estimates made by the National Fund for Medical Education (of which Herbert Hoover is honorary president) regarding the needs of the nation's medical schools.

My billion-dollar prescription is now complete.

I admit that $1,000,000,000 may appear to be a large amount for taxpayers to carry in addition to the burden they carry at present. But I call your attention to the fact that the American people unhesitatingly footed a 1954 bill of $1,700,000,000 for research on military weapons alone. This is eight-and-one-half times the annual rate I propose for medical research expansion. May I point out that our national defense and our national security are no stronger than our national health, on which our Federal Government's research spending is less than 1 per cent of the national budget?

Compare the current $100,000,000 research and training budget of the National Institutes of Health with the $90,000,000 appropriated at the last session of Congress for research activities in the Department of Agriculture. Add to this $90,000,000 the sum of $250,000,000 which is paid out to farmers for soil conservation. I do not want to imply that I am not heartily in favor of greatly expanded agricultural research. I know, of course, that much of such research benefits us in our studies of the diseases of man. And I have always supported farm-research activities. But I think it is about time this country brought research on human lives up to the level of research on animals and plants.

I referred earlier to the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee hearings on the impact of disease on the national economy. The committee found that four diseases alone—heart, cancer, tuberculosis, and arthritis—have resulted in an annual loss of 370,000,000 man-days of work and that the annual cost to the nation from all illnesses is roughly equivalent to the total income-tax revenue, or $30,000,000,000 a year. Alongside that enormous loss, my proposed expenditure of $200,000,000 a year would seem a very modest investment.

Would it be a sound investment for a banker?

Over the last decade alone medical research has added five full years to the life expectancy of the average American. We all know something of the wonders of penicillin, streptomycin, isoniazid, cortisone, and a host of other battlers against disease. These miraculous products of medical research, along with new surgical techniques and blood plasma, have brought about these percentage reductions in the death rates of some of the major killers and cripplers:

	per cent
Influenza	77
Appendicitis	69
Acute rheumatic fever	66
Syphilis	56
Tuberculosis	50
Pneumonia	50
Kidney diseases	43

Now let us translate this into economic terms. The National Office of Vital Statistics reported that in 1954 approximately 350,000 Americans *under* the age of sixty-five died of cancer and heart disease alone. This is greater than the total of Americans who lost their lives in the armed forces during the Second World War and the Korean War together. Remember that those wars lasted not one year but approximately seven years.

Those 350,000 deaths of 1954 occurred, as I have stated, among people under sixty-five, people in their productive years who otherwise would have been at work, earning money, producing goods and services, and

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consuming as well. Moreover, these people would have been paying taxes which would have gone, in part, to pay for research which would have helped to preserve their own and other lives.

IN an earlier year—the year 1951—a study of Federally-aided rehabilitation revealed that 8,000 people who were returned to work had been on public assistance prior to rehabilitation, at a cost of $5,700,000 annually. The cost of their rehabilitation was $4,000,000. These people are now employed. Instead of being tax-consumers they are taxpayers.

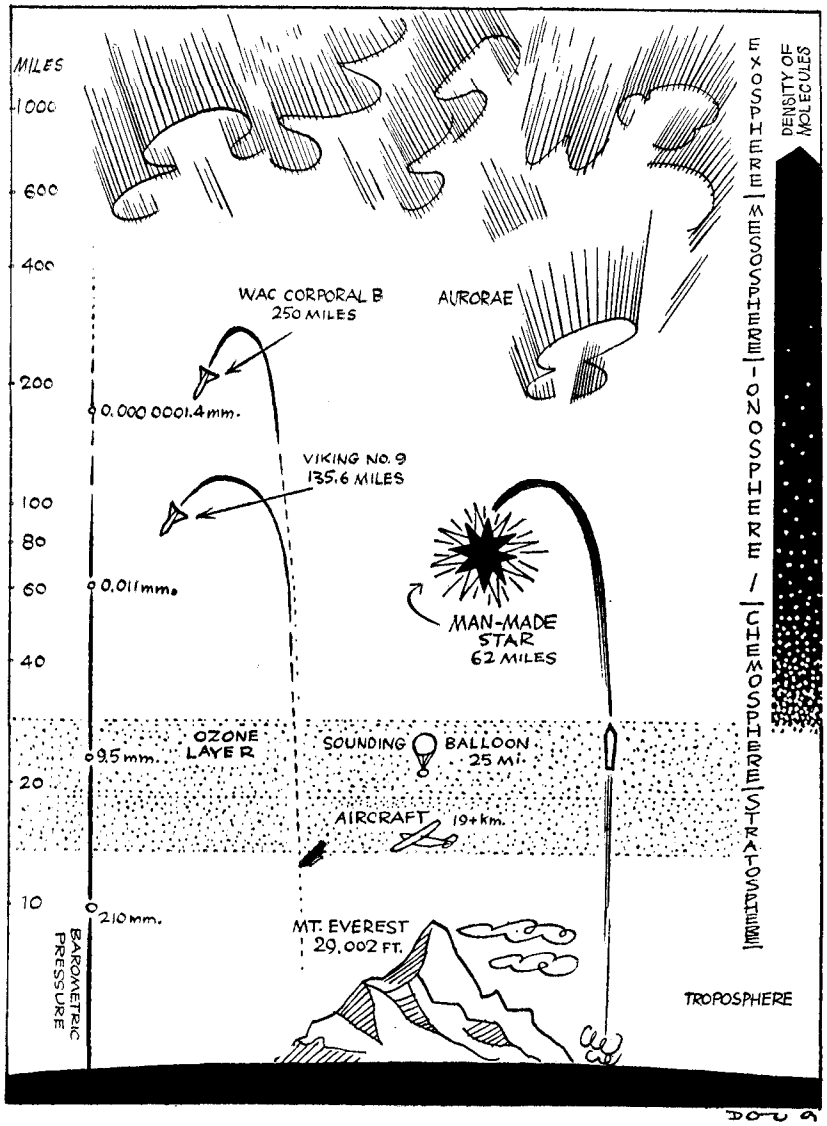
When we consider that chronic diseases account for 88 per cent of the disability of the approximately 2,000,000 physically handicapped people in the United States, we can see that the economic benefits to be derived from medical research on disabling diseases would be vast. The research would more than pay for itself.

I have been asked whether my billion dollar prescription for our national health amounts to socialized medicine. I have publicly and privately stated for many, many years that I am opposed to socialized medicine. The five-year program that I propose would have no aspects of socialized medicine. It is in keeping with recommendations and endorsements made by the Hoover Commission, the American Medical Association, medical-school Deans, and such outstanding doctors as Paul Dudley White, the eminent heart specialist who treated President Eisenhower.

Perhaps because he is the heart doctor of the President, Doctor White's own words have a great dramatic and impressive meaning to the American people on the need for expansion of medical research. Doctor White has pointed out that current heart research is severely limited because of lack of money. Testifying before a Senate committee, as a member of the Advisory Council of the National Heart Institute, Doctor White said he had been forced to use his own money for research because there were not sufficient government funds.

His was only one of a tremendous backlog of worthy projects, running into millions of dollars, for which the Advisory Councils have no money. As long as this backlog exists qualified people are being denied the opportunity to save life.

If one of the armed forces can build up a twenty-five year supply of hamburgers, and if another can spend hundreds of millions of dollars on a fighter plane that could not fly, I say we can afford to appropriate funds to give our children and our children's children the best in medicine.



Travel guide to the upper atmosphere, showing location of man-made star.

Man Makes His First Star

AS DR. MURRAY ZELIKOFF REPORTED IT TO JOHN LEAR, SR *SCIENCE EDITOR.*

THERE is light in the sky at night, even when there is no moon. Whence does it shine? All the stars together are not bright enough to explain it. How, then, does it come to be there?

Generations of curious men have wondered at this riddle of the heavens. A few of them have gone from wonderment to pondering. Although their speculations have impressed most other people as a foolish waste of time, this handful of intellectual adventurers has slowly reasoned its way upward through the dark toward the mystery of "the air glow."

Little by little, with bits of knowledge that have been learned about the light that reaches earth in the full sunglare of day, there have been pieced together theories of what must happen when the sun "goes down" to the other side of our planet. By burning fragments of the elements that make all things terrestrial, and watching the fire through prisms, it is possible to measure each differing shade of flame as simply as marking the widths of the bands of a rainbow on a ruler held before your eyes. And when these measured colors have been matched against the colors of the light that

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comes down from the sky it has been no great feat to identify the elements that float in the unplumbed sea of space around us.

FOR a long time now it has been known that two of these space dwellers are oxygen and nitrogen. And one of the popular theories has been that oxygen and nitrogen constantly combine and separate in smaller-than-firefly-size exchanges far apart miles away from us—and that their ghostly twinklings are diffused through acres of darkness to give the night sky its faint luminescence.

There is considerable difference, however, between being sure that something must be true and being able to prove that it is true. That's why the history books pay so much attention to Christopher Columbus, who found a new world he didn't expect in the course of proving that his familiar old world was what astronomers of his day were certain it was: round.

A small crew of cerebral space sailors at the Cambridge (Mass.) Center of the U. S. Air Force Research and Development Command recently had an experience somewhat comparable to that of Columbus. In trying to prove that "the air glow" came from chemical electricity emitted by oxygen atoms as these atoms combined with nitrogen into molecules, these men put the first artificial star into the sky.

Unlike Columbus, these armchair argonauts did not need to peddle their ideas from one palace door to another. The Air Force was already sold on exploration of the outer sky. In fact, it was hunting ideas as strenuously as it was recruiting men. One practical evidence of the vigor of the recruiting was that Dr. Murray Zelikoff, the physical chemist responsible for the explorations reported here, got his job virtually overnight. If he had caught the train he planned to take back home to Newburgh, New York—he had left there to study at New York University and the University of Illinois, and had gone to Cambridge to seek a fellowship at Harvard—another name would be posted at the head of this expedition. But Dr. Zelikoff missed the train, telephoned an old school chum, and accepted the friend's introduction to the laboratory where the Air Force was then just beginning to study atmospheric photochemistry.

That was six years ago. Ever since, Dr. Zelikoff and his little crew of New England scientists (Dr. Frederick Marmo, Jerome Pressman, Leonard Aschenbrand, Adolph Jursa) have been pursuing "the air glow" as one of many possible clues to the environmental aspects of the upper atmosphere. In everyday words, what they have tried to determine was: if man should succeed in traveling into space, what living conditions could he expect to find?

Rockets loaded with instruments had gone up beyond 250 miles and had come back with photographs, air pressure and temperature readings, reports on clouds, moisture and general weather conditions. Among other things, the rockets took accurate measurements of what scientists call "the ozone layer." This layer is like a blanket hanging in the sky, saturated with far more oxygen than the air we breathe here on the ground. The lower side of the blanket is fifteen miles above the surface of the earth, and the blanket itself is fifteen miles thick. If it were not for this blanket we would be burned to a crisp in no time by the rays of the sun or, more probably, decomposed and blown away by the overpowering electricity in raw sunlight.

A certain amount of invisible ultraviolet light comes through the ozone blanket to give us sunburn in the summertime. But the ozone absorbs all the ultraviolet at the extreme end of the spectrum, where the rays carry intense heat and electricity. In the sky above the blanket this extreme radiation acts on the air like a chemical bath, breaking up molecules into their constituent atoms.

ONCE in possession of that information, Dr. Zelikoff and his crew were about as ready as Columbus was when he got Toscanelli's primitive map of the globe. Instead of building ships, the Cambridge explorers made an artificial sun: a gas-filled lamp with two big bulbs, strong enough to generate ultraviolet light with electrochemical properties. Next they made an artificial sky: a seamless steel tank from which they pumped the air until the pressure inside was a billion times less than that of the air we breathe. Then, one by one, they purified the gases their theories told them must be present in the upper atmosphere. This was necessary because the tiniest impurity would cause a gas to behave differently than the gas would behave if it were pure. And finally the gases were loosed into the man-made sky and subjected to the light of the man-made sun.

By measuring the widths of the bands of color in the rainbows of light they saw in photographs of their "sky," the scientists concluded that the electrochemical ultraviolet rays of their "sun" were hitting oxygen molecules and knocking the two atoms inside each molecule apart. The force of the blow appeared to be such as to cause a transfer in molecular energy: that is, the energy that binds one atom to another (as distinct from atomic energy, which holds one atom together). Each of the separated atoms seemed to carry along with it a share of the electric charge that came from the shaft of the sun.

Later, when another gas, nitric oxide (its molecule has one atom of nitrogen and one of oxygen), was introduced into the man-made sky the sunshocked atoms of oxygen were attracted to this new molecule. And when an atom joined a molecule to form nitrogen dioxide (one atom of nitrogen and two of oxygen) the electricity that had been captured from the sun by the oxygen was freed again into the heavens.

IF THE pyrotechnical display (illustrated on page 47) that Dr. Zelikoff saw in the laboratory were to take place close to earth, the sky would be alight continuously. For our surface air is heavily populated with oxygen and nitrogen molecules. Since, however, "the ozone layer" permits these fireworks only aloft, and since the molecular density there is exceedingly thin (see sketch, page 45), the Cambridge scientists believed that the light they observed in their indoor sky might very well be the mysterious "air glow."

There was only one way to confirm the laboratory experiments. That was to pour an extra-large dose of nitric oxide into the night sky above the ozone blanket and see whether the air would glow more brightly than usual at that spot.

At 1:45 a.m., Mountain Standard Time, on the morning of Wednesday, March 14, 1956, an Aerobee rocket twenty-three feet long and eighteen inches in diameter was shot from the desert sands at Holloman Air Development Center, New Mexico, carrying in its belly two round glass bottles cocooned in piano wire. Leading from the bottles to two small holes in the rocket's shell were tiny tubes through which the nitric oxide could escape. Each tube was closed with a valve that could be opened automatically by a clock, or, if the clock failed, by a radio message from the ground.

Before the rocket was fired the alarm on the clock was set to go off two minutes and thirty-five seconds after the launching switch was pulled. Within that time, if all went well, the rocket would reach a height above 316,000 feet—sixty-two miles.

Dr. Zelikoff never saw what happened. He was indoors, eyes fastened on a radar screen, finger twitching on a button that would blow up the rocket and free the gas if all else failed. But observers waiting on a mountaintop sixty miles away saw a new star appear with nearly twice the brightness of the planet Venus. The glow was half as luminous as that of a full moon.

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For ten minutes the star hung there, within easy sight of the naked eye, growing bigger and bigger and dimmer and dimmer until it measured three miles across and only instruments could detect its presence.

The star is still there. It will always be there, diffusing endlessly through space. For the nitric oxide that was released is not diminished by its repeated combinations with the oxygen atoms whose light it frees.

Is the mystery of the "air glow" finally solved, then?

Dr. Zelikoff will not say so. There may be gases other than nitric oxide which contribute to the eerie light.

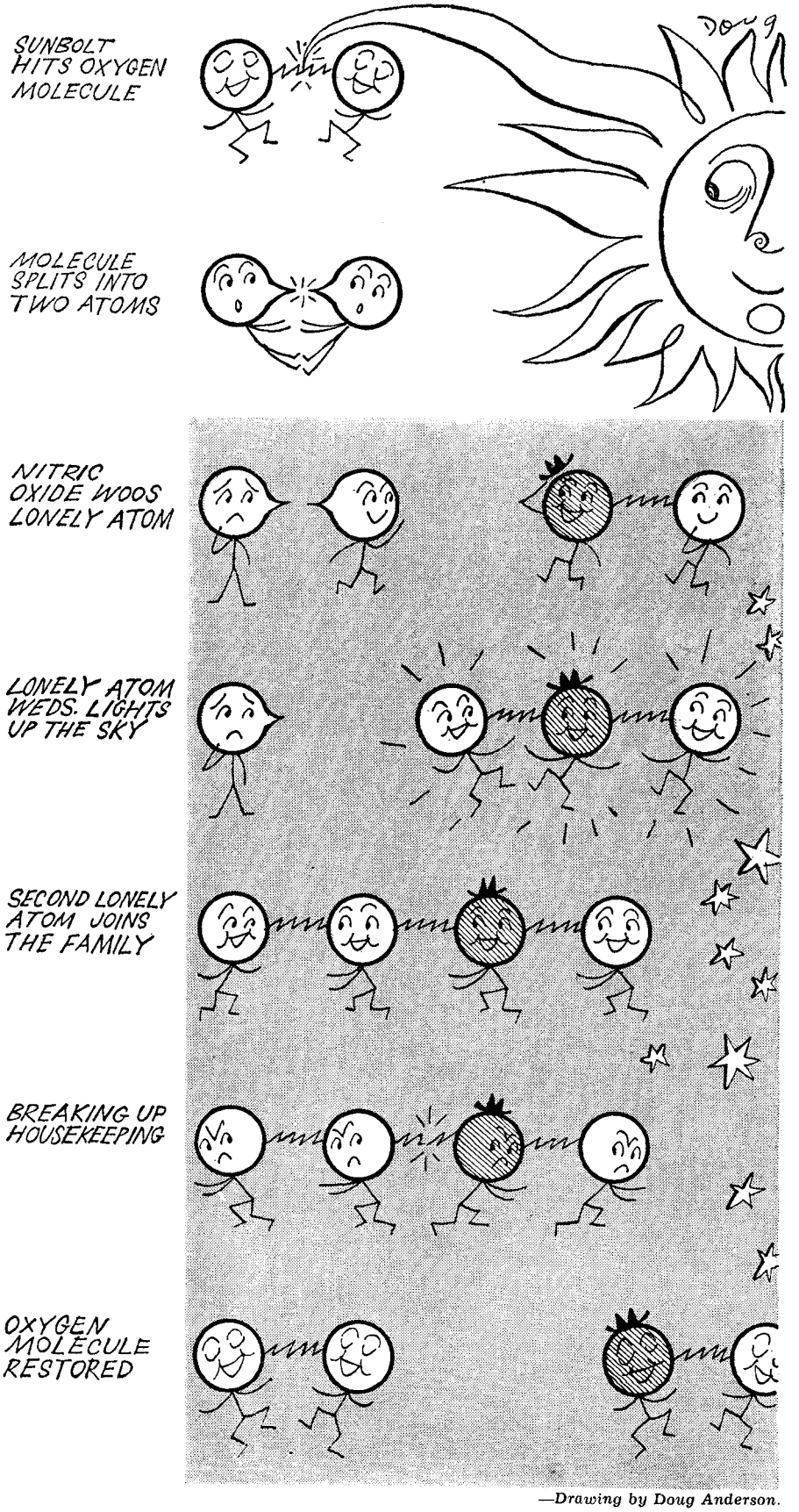
One thing is certain. It is now theoretically possible for man to draw from the upper atmosphere itself power with which to propel or otherwise employ space vehicles if he once can push such vehicles high enough. The single rocket that hung man's first star carried eighteen and a half pounds of compressed gas. That gas generated a 50-to-100 kilowatt light, or more than 100 horsepower.

Laboratory experiments have shown that free oxygen atoms tend to be attracted to any surface. All man has to do, then, is build a machine that flies through space, draws in oxygen atoms as it goes, feeds the oxygen into a pool of nitric oxide and either frees the resulting energy immediately in the form of light (thus creating artificial moonlight for delayed crop harvests, for round-the-clock rescue or rehabilitation in disasters, for surveillance of trouble spots in maintaining peace), stores it in batteries or channels it off, perhaps back to earth. Centuries may be spent in perfecting such an engine, decades perhaps, or only years. Who knows?

Although it lacks the drama of star-making, another significant experiment has been performed with nitric oxide at high altitudes by Dr. Zelikoff and his fellow explorers of space. This was done in the daytime, also by rocket, at a height of fifty-seven miles. In this case, the electrochemical rays of the sun stripped an electron away from each molecule of nitric oxide. The free electrons then scattered over the sky to form an umbrella against which high frequency radio, television and radar waves could be bounced back to earth.

By perfecting this artificial ionosphere (the real ionosphere is a natural blanket that hangs unevenly far up in the sky and turns only long-wave radio signals back to earth), man in time should be able to send TV pictures through the air whenever and as far as he wishes, instead of being limited, as he is today, to communication between points that can be sighted in straight lines by the eye.

WHY THE NIGHT SKY GLOWS


SUNBOLT HITS OXYGEN MOLECULE
MOLECULE SPLITS INTO TWO ATOMS
NITRIC OXIDE WOOS LONELY ATOM
LONELY ATOM WEDS: LIGHTS UP THE SKY
SECOND LONELY ATOM JOINS THE FAMILY
BREAKING UP HOUSEKEEPING
OXYGEN MOLECULE RESTORED

—Drawing by Doug Anderson.

Revealed here, step by step, is the long mysterious process by which oxygen atoms far out in space capture sunlight by day and set it free by night.

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LETTER FROM SAN JOSE

SUNLIGHT, ROSES, AND JUKEBOX GENIUS

"WE looked around the valley and saw a rosebush in every yard." That, I am told by the men who made the decision, is why science came to San Jose in the Santa Clara Valley of California.

The year was 1943. I was barely out of high school in San Francisco. I knew Santa Clara as a land of orchards and vineyards, but San Jose was nothing more to me than a "hamburger and shake" stop on the way to the beach at Santa Cruz.

Seven years later I was an electrical engineering graduate of the University of California. San Jose was still that farm town down the peninsula. With no understanding whatever of what the place would someday mean to me I took a job with the company that had liked the rose bushes: the International Business Machines Corporation.

IBM had only one small factory in San Jose in those days, the first installation that any corporate giant had risked in this rural setting. There was no place for me, with my particular background, and my feet were turned east (against the advice of Mr. Greeley) to the IBM Development Laboratory at Poughkeepsie, New York.

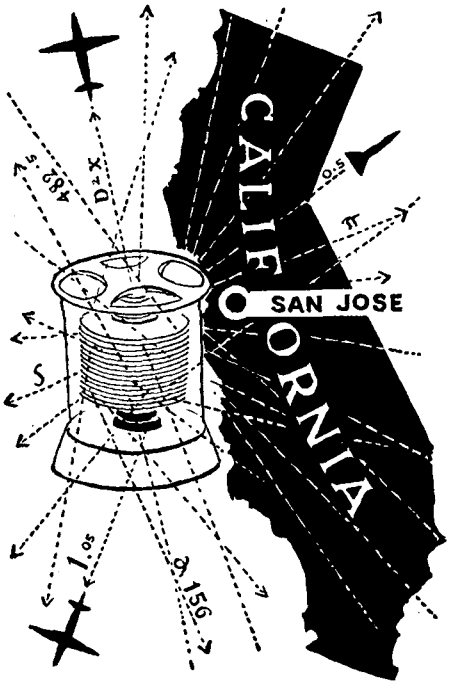
Poughkeepsie was kind to me. My work there was stimulating. But I longed for the sunny climate of my birth and was delighted when I could return here.

Of course, I am happy to belong to the engineering group that is perfecting what we believe will be the "brain" of the automatic office of the future. I am proud to be among those who have developed what is popularly called "the jukebox memory," which files away 5,000,000 bits of information at a time on discs like phonograph records. I enjoy the sense of living on a frontier of knowledge, sharing ideas with members of the more than fifty technical and learned societies that are active here. But I would be something less than truthful if I did not confess that my greatest pleasure comes from the almost perfect climate.

Before they are scientists engineers are people. History has shown that people, given a choice, prefer good climate. And there are few areas of the world that enjoy the climate found in San Jose. The average year brings 293 days of sunshine, yet the weather is never humid, and the few hot summer days are always compensated for by cool evenings. Rain is generally limited to the winter months from November through March, and the summer months are almost wholly rainless. Some summer days will reach into the nineties, but then only for a few hours, and only a few winter mornings will reach as low as thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

The Santa Clara Valley, of which San Jose is geographically at the center and politically the county seat, is one of California's most fertile valleys. It is almost sixty miles in length and twenty miles in width. To the west are the evergreen coastal mountains covered with pines, oaks, and the famous redwoods. To the east is the second ridge of the coast range, but here there is less foliage, and the hills are a golden brown in the summer, thus lending contrast to the green on the west. Thirty miles to the south are some of the finest bathing beaches of the Pacific. To the north is San Francisco Bay, one of the most magnificent harbors in the world, and at its west shore lies San Francisco, the cultural and financial center of The West.

The floor of Santa Clara is quite flat and, even with the substantial industrial growth, still an agricultural paradise. Fruit is the major crop.



From this valley goes one-third of the world supply of prunes, and other lesser but still large quantities of apricots, pears, strawberries, walnuts, and grapes. The grapes are among the finest in California, and the valley is dotted with quality wineries, such as Paul Masson, Novitiate, Almaden, and San Martin.

It is the beauty of the place, I believe, that is causing San Jose to grow. And the town is spreading in steadily widening circles across the countryside, dotting more and more homes in the midst of the orchards. IBM could not afford to center its West Coast regional laboratory expansion here if circumstances were different. For IBM lives by serving others. In my own field of electronics alone, the scientific area to which San Jose belongs now encompasses research and development facilities of General Electric, Sylvania, Westinghouse, and Lockheed, not to mention such noted Government installations as the nine wind tunnels of Ames Aeronautical Laboratory, the U. S. Navy Radiological Defense Laboratory, and AEC-Livermore, where much of the work on the H-bomb is said to have been done.

In the dozen years since IBM first came to Santa Clara the population of San Jose has doubled, or, if surrounding suburban developments are included, quadrupled. The round total now is 200,000. Although it is no joke in any sense to refer to "greater San Jose," the tallest buildings in the place are twelve or thirteen stories high, and there are only two of them. In short, a genuinely rural atmosphere persists. Almost everyone drives from home to work. Gardening is by all odds the most popular avocation.

My wife and I live in Saratoga, on the outskirts of San Jose proper. Like all our neighbors, we have a garden, and the acre of ground around our house is generously shaded with fruit trees. Around us are the foothills. Though tennis and other outdoor sports are within easy reach, we prefer swimming or trips to the theatre in San Francisco. The schools are good, albeit somewhat crowded and on doubled schedule because of the influx of young scientists' families. I expect our three children to grow up as partisan to the Santa Clara Valley as I am. —JOHN W. HAANSTRA.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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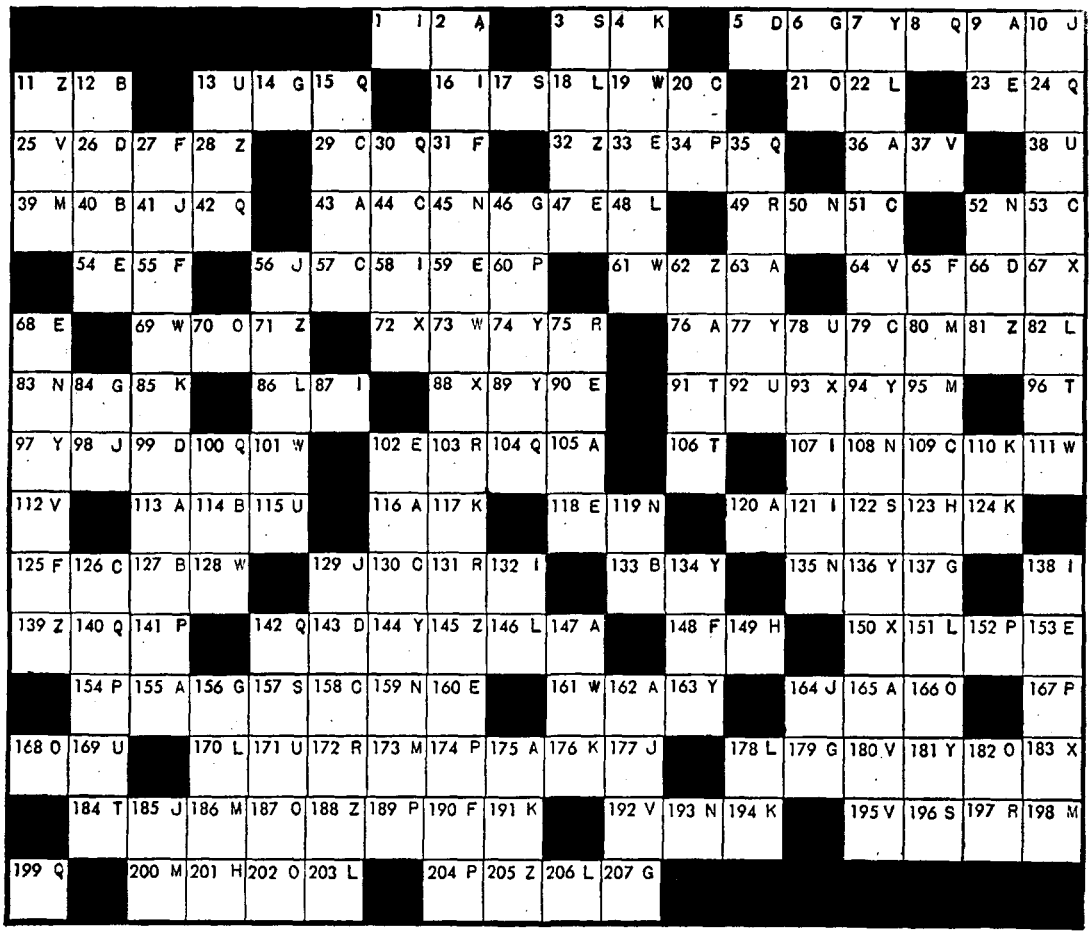
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ben Johnson's epithet for Shakespeare, in the First Folio (4 wds.).	43 120 105 63 2 116 113 165 147 36 76
B. The "lightness" in Romeo's paradoxical speech, early in the play.	162 9 155 175 114 40 133 127 12
C. One place of entrance by the father of Philip the Bastard (King John; 3 wds. after "in").	126 20 53 44 158 29 57 79 51 130 109
D. One of the things Edmund says we become "by spherical predominance" (King Lear).	99 5 66 26 143
E. Zeal for freedom (somewhat rare word).	90 102 47 33 59 23 68 153 118 160 54
F. Child star born on Shakespeare's birthday, 1928 (given name).	31 125 148 65 190 27 55
G. The "waggoner" of Phoebus' steeds (Romeo and Juliet).	46 14 6 137 156 179 84 207
H. Underling of Oberon and Titania which, Puck says, creeps into an acorn cup when the two quarrel (Midsummer Night's Dream).	201 123 149
I. What Rosalind says "it is foul to be" (2 wds.).	1 138 107 121 16 87 132 58
J. Rod-shaped.	41 164 98 56 177 185 10 129
K. What Brutus wished for, that he might know the outcome (last act, Julius Caesar; 3 wds.).	176 85 194 117 191 124 110 4
L. What Emerson said man is, "whose fruitage is the world" (3 wds.).	170 203 151 82 86 22 206 146 18 178 48

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Hiding-place of the worm concealment (Viola's 3 wds.; Twelfth Night).	39 173 95 198 200 186 80
N. Swimming-pools.	50 52 119 45 135 108 159 83 193
O. Biron's word for his shilling tip to Costard (Love's Labour's Lost).	182 168 202 187 166 21 70
P. The "red-hipped" insect which Bottom asked Cobweb to get for him.	60 152 154 167 34 141 204 174 189
Q. One of the fine features of his father as Hamlet describes it to his mother (3 wds.).	15 42 100 35 8 104 24 140 30 199 142
R. Hamlet's descriptive word for the "hue of resolution."	131 49 172 103 197 75
S. What the barefoot queen in Hamlet's play threatened flames with.	17 157 196 122 3
T. The "russet" answer to Biron's "wooing mind" (Love's Labour's Lost).	184 91 106 96
U. Unconscious dullness.	38 92 13 78 171 169 115
V. Casual.	180 37 64 192 25 195 112
W. Perform with restraint for greater dramatic impact.	73 19 101 128 111 69 161 61
X. Measured and balanced movement, wherever found.	93 72 150 88 183 67
Y. What King Henry IV said the Prince's wish was father to (2 wds.).	7 97 144 94 163 136 77 181 74 89 134
Z. What Florizel compared to "dove's down" (3 wds.; The Winter's Tale).	62 81 28 71 139 145 188 205 32 11

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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